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THE DEBRIS

Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen

Being The Second Annual Published By The Waterloo High School

DEDICATION

To

Supt. A. L. MOUDY,

Who is beloved by all

the students of the W. H. S.

this volume of THE DEBRIS

is respectfully dedicated.

Gradatim

We, the class of '13, are indeed glad that we have been able to follow in the foot steps of the Class of '12. We have tried to be different from other classes that have left the old H. S. in years gone by, and we have tried to show our difference in this Annual. Whether or not we have succeeded in the latter effort is not for us to say. We know we are different. This volume has been compiled with the hope that in future years when we are old "Grads" it's perusal will help us to recall the joys of the year of nineteen hundred thirteen.

We wish to express our sincere thanks to our fellow students for their Literary and Art contributions; to the business men who have given us financial support, and to our classmate, Troden Bookmiller, for his help in getting the material ready for the printer.

The staff has been like all staves, a few have done the work, but the few have done it well and we will not complain. The work has been, as our Senior year, namely, very pleasant.

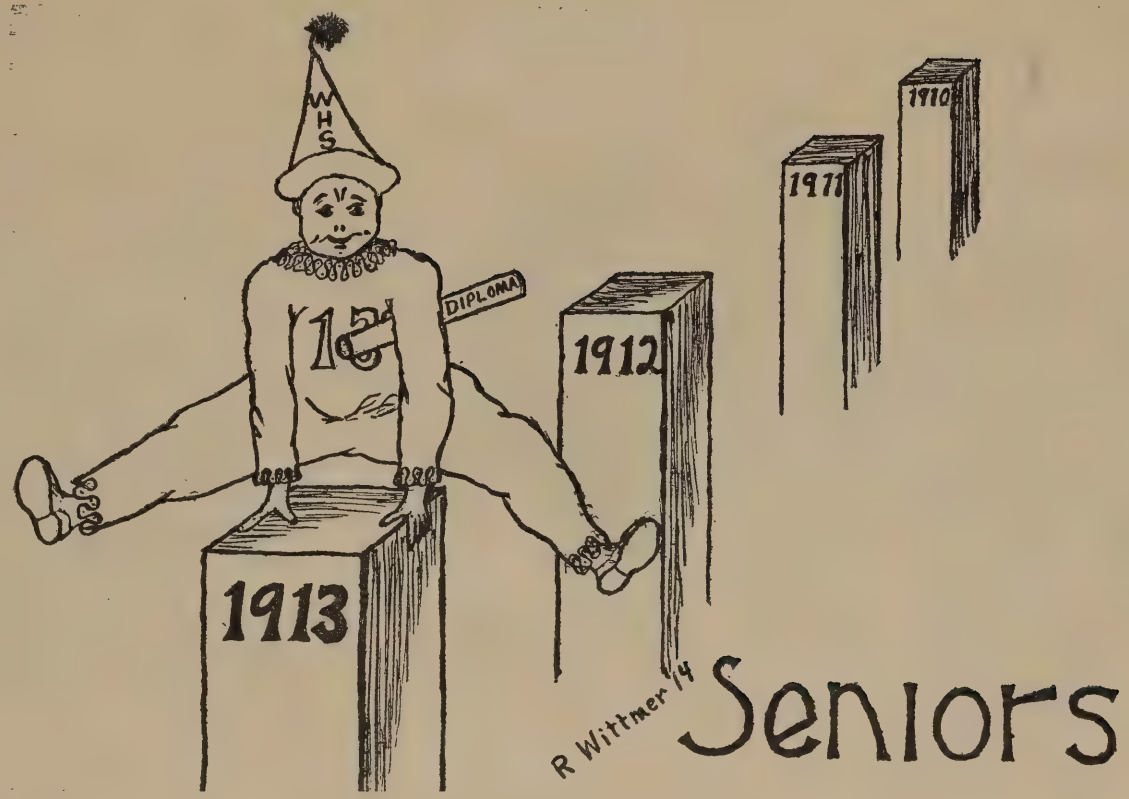
THE EDITOR.

THE DEBRIS STAFF.

Editor-in-Chief.....Harley Rohm
Business Manager.....Harry Girardot
Alumni.....Mildred Huffman
Class Poet.....Cleo Burns
Athletics.....Ralph Reinhart
Calendar.....Bernice Becker
Music and Art.....Martha McEntarfer
All Sorts.....Ralph Fickes
Jokes.....Virgil Treesh
Class History.....Mildred Hoffman

Literary Societies.

Ciceronian.....Bernice Overmyer
Zedalethean.....Ruby Booth



Seniors

SENIOR CLASS POEM.

I

When first we entered in nineteen nine
We found ourselves in the Freshmen clime
But after a long and studious strife,
We renewed ourselves in the Sophomore life

II.

When we settled ourselves as Seniors at last
We learned that one boy had deserted his class
A few months later without any insist
One other name disappeared from our list.
But soon another studious boy
Entered our class to our great joy.

III.

Now as to our teachers of such high rank
We, our school board must truly thank
There is Moudy and Roop who are wise and just
And in whom we have always placed our trust,
May they long prosper and successfully teach
To others that which they think best for each.

IV.

Next comes Miss Chapman with her cheerful looks
Who with all the rest enjoys her books;
Then Miss Masters comes in with her dignified air
Who treats all her pupils just and fair,
While Dear Miss Snader who is hard to beat,
Has made our faculty quite complete.

V.

Our Senior class to those below
Have shown to them they're much too slow.
They soon found out that we had "git"
And they to be like us must be "it"
Although they rail at our dignified air
I am sure that with us they cannot compare.

VI.

Long has the class withstood the test
And each year trying to do our best
We all looked forward as others before,
Thinking of nothing but joy that would be at the shore,
At last we have reached that long looked for time
Now we look back to the Freshmen line.

VII.

Commencement time will soon be o'er
When we as a class will meet no more:
And when we think that our sun soon will set,
There's a feeling that we can't forget—but then
'Tis past, and let us think of our motto, "We have finished to begin,"
And all strive on until we win.

CLEO BURNS, '13.

Seniors

Harry Girardot Dec. 6, 1893.

"For thou shalt find he will outstrip all praise and make it halt behind him."

Harry, during the four years of his High School course has been noted for poetical turn of mind. He is a quiet lad whose eyes are turned in their reverie toward the west as the twilight's golden rays fall on the home of his Corunna maiden. The fact that we have twice chosen him president of the class shows in what esteem he is universally held. This year he was chosen as Business Manager of our Annual.

Madge Rose Dec. 21, 1894.

"'The rattling tongue of saucy and audacious eloquence.''

Madge, the rosiest member of the Senior class is distinguished for her excellent record of neitner being tardy nor absent during her twelve years of school life.

"Her smiling face and word of cheer
Lets no gloom or worry come a' near.''

Her principle aim in life is wielding the "birch gad'' in the wooly West.

Harley Rohm Jan. 27 1895.

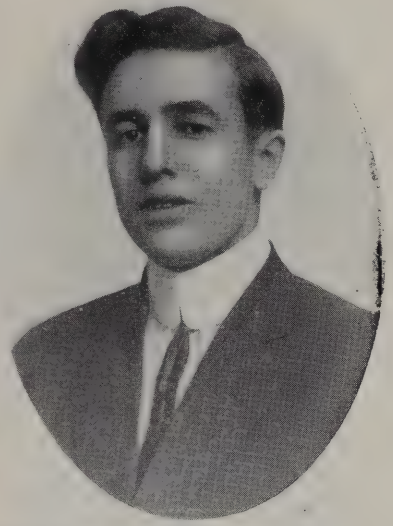
"He knew what's what and that's as high
As metaphysics wit can fly.''

Harley has been triumphantly climbing the ladder of fame. His ambitious nature now bids fair for his reaching the top. He is a good orator and a strong element in our debating team. Through his ability he has become Editor-in-chief of the annual. He is fond of fun and intends to be an electrician.

Harry Rowe Oct. 24, 1894.

"Above my fortunes yet my state is well?
I am a gentleman.''

Harry completed the first three years at Auburn, Indiana and joined us at the beginning of the term. He is captain of our Basket Ball team and great credit is due him for the progress that has been made by the team. He is also a hard worker in school and always cheerful and full of fun.



Troden Bookmiller April 2, 1894.

"Ah me! for aught that I could ever read
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth."

Down in old Ohio near Montpelier "Book" first saw the sun rise. He has traveled and lived in various places but he is proudest of Waterloo, so we think. He is a jolly good natured comrade and appropriately called "the Pest." His specialty is Martha.

Ruby Booth Aug. 20, 1893

"A woman's prerogative is to scream."

Ruby has been one of the "main stays" of the class in times of turmoil and vexation. Her jolly disposition and frank manner have made her a favorite of all. Her good natured smile will be missed next year but we have the consolation that she will take it with her to delight the hearts of others. She intends to become a teacher.

Lester Rempis July 19, 1890.

"Lester's always up to tricks
Ain't he cute and only six."

"Our Dear Divine" began his existence north of Waterloo. He is an enthusiastic orator on the stump delivering his lectures of Godly advice in a most effective manner. About a year ago he received an appointment from the state as warden of a game preserve covering four square miles. Lester has developed into a great tease, always playing jokes.

Hilda Sewell, June 18, 1895.

"Do you not know I am a woman?
When I think, I must speak."

Hilda is modest and unassuming with a winning personality. We are all proud of her, the best among us. She is the Valadictorian and the youngest member of her class. She also has the distinction of being the second graduate whose parent was a graduate of the Waterloo High School. "To say more of your worth we cannot, for we have not the proper expression nor the words at our command."

Ralph Rinehart Sept. 16, 1892.

"A teacher he, with serious looks,
I'm sure he knows a lot of books."

Ralph hails from Corunna. He began his studious existence in South Fairfield Township, and is very much alive and could you but see and hear him on the Tennis Courts your convictions would be that he will be very much alive for years to come.

Studious and faithful, Ralph, we wish you well. He is an aspirant to the pedagogical class.

Bernice Overmyer May 10, 1894.

"Thou wilt never get thee a husband
If thou wilt be so shrewd with thy tongue."

Bernice is one of the strongest moving spirits of the class. She has been prominent among us in every department of school life, both intellectually and socially, being one of the leaders of the Ciceronian society. We are also proud to own her as the leading Soprano singer of the Waterloo High School.

Bernice Becker Sept. 8, 1894.

"How many saucy airs we meet."

One of those wonderfully gifted girls, clever in many lines, sweet and sincere, counting friends galore. She has proven her worth in achieving the honor of the class salutatorian. With us your pleasant smile will linger and we ask, "Sunny Bernice" how can we forget you?

Edward Hankey Aug. 1, 1891.

"To teach the young ideas to shoot paperwads."

"Dick" our all around man began his famous career early. He is an accomplished vocalist and violinist, a pronounced star in baseball and the Captain of our High School team. He has talents for a business career and the art of argumentation. He is intensely jolly and amusing.

Vera Crooks Aug. 9, 1893.

"Mum is the word."

Vera has become famous for the profound silence which she consistently and persistently maintains. Through out her four years of High School life she has taken deep interest in her studies, but at the same time she has had an interest that is all absorbing outside.

Ralph Fickes Oct. 1, 1894.

"All the Latin I can construe is Amo—I love."

Ralph is our Jack of-all trades, but a few more years and all the secrets and mysteries of Electricity will have been divulged, Ralph enters the field with a firm and steadfast resolution to open up all those avenues of knowledge which have heretofore been closed up with ignorance and fear. Nothing will escape his all seeing eye and all pervading intellect.

Cleo Burns Aug. 6, 1893.

"Let none presume to wear an undeserved dignity.

Cleo joined us in our Sophomore year and during the three years she has found a cozy corner in the heart of each one. She is a model student of whom many good things might be said. Always faithful in her work and loyal to the class. When "dignified Cleo" condescends to unbend she is a very jolly companion.

Virgil Treesh, May 4, 1894.

"When duty and pleasure clash
Let duty go to smash."

Virgil is known better by what he says than by what he does. Most of his High School days have been spent traveling back and forth from Corunna to Waterloo. He is fond of the girls and delights in telling them his bounteous supply of cute ideas. "That's right, 'Virg' we all appreciate a hearty laugh."

Martha McEntarfer, Sept. 8, 1893.

"This truth we know,
That only the good die young."

Martha is only a shy, modest little mouse of a girl. She joined us in our Sophomore year, and has won the hearts of all, especially of one known familiarly as "Book." Martha has a rare talent for music. Like the Martha of old she is an excellent housekeeper.

Audrey Vogtman July 25, 1894.

"Her heart is not in her work, 'tis elsewhere."

Already claimed it is said by out of town parties but may be retained if the right man appears. Audrey is one who is friendly to every one, and whose quiet grace has won her many friends.

Mildred Huffman Aug. 9, 1894.

"If music be the food of love, play on."

Mildred the fair maiden who loves to play accompaniments is always willing to do her share in the music department. The above quotation is her favorite motto. She is always jolly with a good word for everyone. Her well known question is: "Lester, where art thou?"

The Seniors

Class Flower—Red and White Rose.
Colors—Purple and Lavender.
Motto—"We have finished to begin."

YELL

A vivo and a vivo
And a vivo, vivo vum
Come get a rat trap bigger than a cat trap
Come get a cat trap bigger than a rat trap
Cannibals, cannibals, Indian squaw
Senior, Senior, Rah! Rah! Rah!

LINES TO THE W. H. S.

Dear guardian of the past four years
Which have been filled with labor, joy and pain,
At parting with thee we must shed tears,
For we would that with thee we could live them o'er again.

Thou hast stood for so much to us, that, when thy summons
Comes to join that ever growing heap called junk,
If the class of '13 could have its way
Thou wouldst not go as other buildings, razed to the ground
With torch and ram. But thou wouldst be razed
With tender, loving hands, and, draping each small atom
With a laurel wreath we would lay thee
Where the all beholding sun could bleach thy bricks no more.

Thou hast seen our preparation
For the battles of this life,
Now comes the painful separation,
But, we must begin the noble strife.

EDITOR.

THE FACULTY

A. L. MOUDY, Superintendent
B. S. 1911 Tri-State

GEO. F. ROOP, Principal

MISS EDITH MASTERS
Asst. Principal

MISS MARY CHAPMAN
Asst, Principal

MISS ANNA SNADER
Music and Art

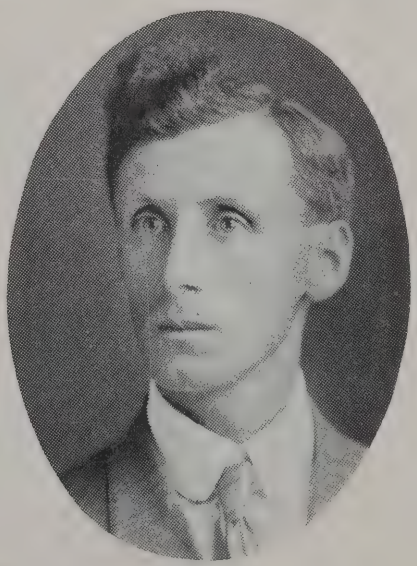
Miss Blanche Betz
6th and 7th Grades

Miss Etta Wittmer
5th and 6th Grades

Miss Bess Showalter
Primary

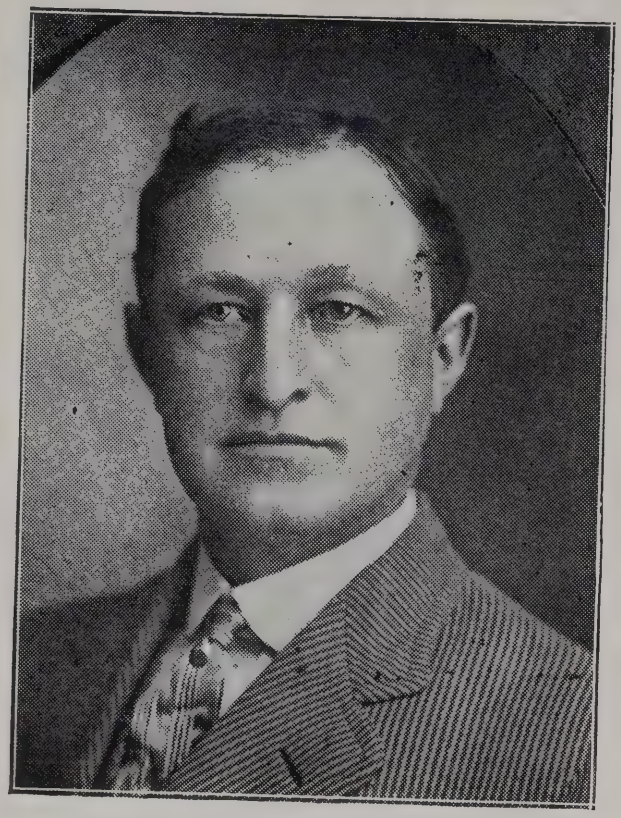
Mrs. Cora Stanley
2d and 3d Grades

Mr. Scott Rhoads
3d and 4th Grades



The School Board

Dr. J. E. Showalter, Secretary



D. L. Leas, President

H. W. Beidler, Treasurer

They Are Going Soon. Joe Bowman

THE JUNIOR CLASS

TWO JOLLY JUNIORS

CLASS ORGANIZATION.

President and Class Poet, Charles George
Vice President.....Pauline Hankey
Secretary.....Vida McGiffin
Treasurer.....Emerson Walker

CLASS YELL.

Rickety, Rickety, Rickety Reen.
We're the class of old '14.
Zis Boom, Zis Boom,
Zis Boom, Bah,
Juniors, Juniors,
Rah, Rah, Rah.

Class Colors—Garnet and Steel Gray.
Class Flower—Sweet Peas.

JUNIOR CLASS ROLL.

Hazel Daniels	Janet Beard
Inez Chapman	Vida McGiffin
Charles George	Maud Luttman
Glen Meyers	Veda Browns
William Day	Edna Marsh
Gould Stanley	Olga Fisk
Russell Wittmer	Dora McCullough
Lynn Reed	Clifford Hawk
Marie Barr	Emerson Walker
Pauline Hankey	Lester Dull

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY.

Inez Chapman, '14.

We, the Juniors, started in the Freshman year with thirty-two members enrolled, at that time the largest class that was enrolled in the Waterloo High School. Sixteen of these were graduates of the Grammar department of the Waterloo schools, four from Corunna, and the remainder of the class consisted of students from the country. When we first started in we were rather timid but with the aid of our teachers Mr. Moudy, Mr. Rumpf, and Mr. Willennar we soon became accustomed to the work which was required of us, the studies were Latin, English, History, and Algebra; we also studied music with Mr. Charles Reed of Waterloo and drawing with Mrs. Fairfield of Angola as teachers. We were proud of our great number, but were not long, for before the year had passed, we had lost nine, leaving us twenty-three.

We started into the Sophomore year with that number, studying about the same studies as the first year, only Agriculture was substituted for History. Two new teachers were employed, Miss Snader as music teacher, and Miss Dilla. At the end of the Sophomore year, the class was composed of twenty-one. Although we regretted losing so many yet the good spirit of the class was retained and we passed into the Junior year with an enrollment of twenty, receiving one student from Ft. Recovery, Ohio.

One of the greatest tasks at the beginning of the Junior year was to become acquainted and learn the ways of three new teachers, namely, Mr. Roop, Miss Masters, and Miss Chapman, these with Mr. Moudy and Miss Snader made up the faculty. We soon found them all to be kind and ready to aid us and so went to work with a will. The teachers find most of the members of the class to be willing workers and the class is of the best.

JUNIOR CLASS POEM.

Marches there a class with tread so strong,
In the W. H. S. this term,
As the Junior class, which just plods along,
But gathers her laurels at each term?

If marches there such, just bring it around;
For all would be glad to see,
As such a delegation is hard to be found,
Junior friend—without you and me.

Oh yes! we Juniors are a joyful band,
Always trying to cheer the rest,
But still as a class we could not stand,
If we did not do our best.

By the way! There's a teacher with a pleasing smile,
My! what may the trouble be?
Just stick around—wait awhile!
There is a Junior approaching, See? ?

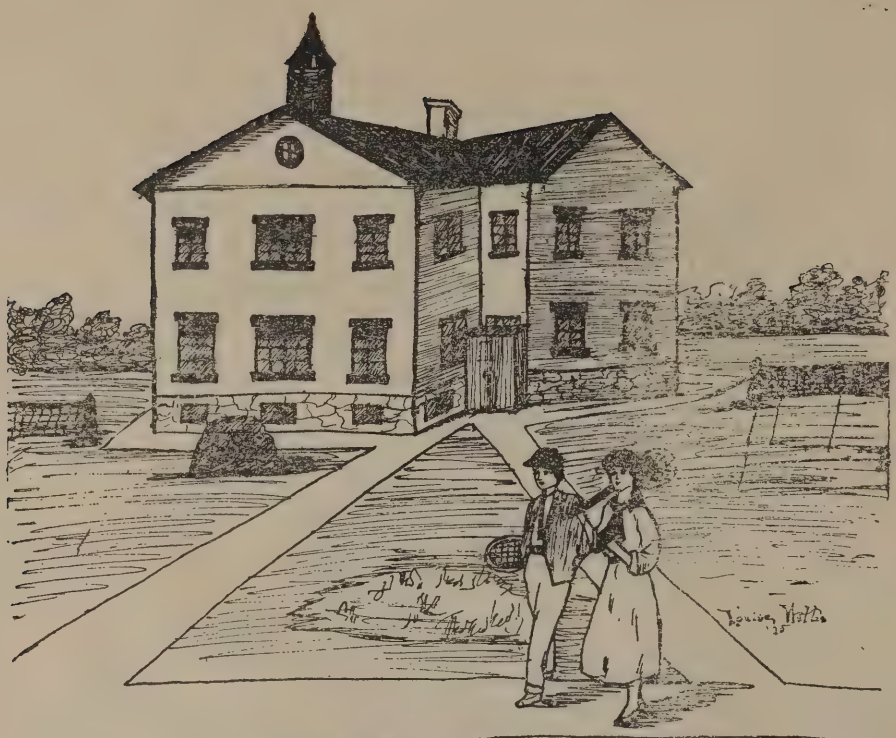
Now High School friends don't start to believe,
That we Juniors are just all fun;
When our jolly heads but start to conceive,
We sure some work get done.

"Just look how bigoted" the Seniors cry,
While the Sophomores stare in dismay,
And the Freshmen looking in great surprise,
But the Juniors are right here to stay.

To stay? yes! But a few days more,
Then our Junior year will be past;
Still in gladness we sail from this shore,
Soon to land in the Senior class.

Ah! fellow classmates of old '14,
Have these three years been spent in vain,
Or in fancy, the pictures of life we have seen,
Will they be brighter, and make us sure of our fame?

CHARLES GEORGE, '14.



SOPHMORES

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Officers.

President.....Maude Zonker
Vice President.....Louise Willis
Secretary.....Ethel Girardot
Treasurer.....Mabel Bevier
Poet.....Mabel Kiser
Historian.....Helen Goodwin

Colors—Green and White.
Motto—"No Reward without Effort."
Flower—Purple Violets.

YELL.

Run Nigger Hottator
Half Past Alligator
Bif! Boom! Baliator!
Chick-a-waha!
Sophomores! Sophomores!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL.

Arthur Smith	Simon Kohl
Helen Goodwin	Carroll Gushwa
Ethel Girardot	Virgil Johnson
Louise Willis	Enid Feagler
Joe Overmyer	Verna Fisk
Elmer Fretz	Mabel Bevier
Lotta McGiffin	Vera Dilgard
Edythe Widdicombe	Mabel Kiser
Marie Brown	Helen Rohm

Maude Zonker.

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY.

Helen Goodwin, 15.

When we started out in the Freshman class with the timid dignity of Freshmen there were twenty members in our ranks. Eleven of these graduated from the Waterloo Grammar department. Four students from Corunna, four new ones from the country, and one new student, Edythe Widdicombe, joined us, but before the end of the year A. J. Moore quit school leaving still twenty to work out the Green and White. At the end of the school term Helen Buck moved to Pleasant Lake and left but nineteen to begin the duties of the Sophomore last September.

We have all been faithful to the class, doing our best in all studies, and ever thinking of our motto: "No reward without effort."

SOPHOMORE CLASS POEM.

1.

The jolliest class of all the four
And the best that you e'er have seen
Will graduate in two years more—
In nineteen hundred and fifteen.

2.

Class like ours was never known
Since four letters will Junior spell
If you'll excuse the slang word 'bone'
And as for the Senior—well

3.

I'll leave that till some other day
I think I ought to spare the Freshies
And therefore I shall only say
That they are model lads and lassies.

4.

Right good classes are all of these,
But they can't beat the Sophomores
We're proud to claim Maude and Louise
Latin I'm sure Louise most adores (?)

5.

Marie is changeable as the moon
And a wonderful cure for melancholy
Verna, we fear, will be married soon
And leave only Vera to keep us Jolly.

6.

Then we've Enid and Ethel, you know
Edyth and Lotta and Helens, two,
Another's name is Mabelle, but lo!
Take off the 'le' and its my name too.

7.

Our boys are Simon, Elmer and Joe
He's our sergeant, mark him well,
And Carroll, (not "Christmas Carol" though)
Which Helen he likes best I'll not tell.

8.

Last of all are Arthur and Virgil
Famed throughout the school for smiles
So, with thanks for our teachers' weary vigil,
We'll hurry on a few more miles.

MABLE KISER, '15.

FRESHMEN CLASS.

President.....Joe Bowman
Secretary.....Lisle McEntarfer
Treasurer.....Harry Rude
Sergeant-at-Arms.....Charles Colby
Class Poet.....Russell Stroh
Historian.....Nella Becker

YELL.

1 a Zip 2 a Zip, 3 a Zip a Zam,
Waterloo Freshmen
Don't Give a Hobble Gobble
Riffle Dazzle
Sis! Boom! Nah!
Nineteen Sixteen
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Colors—Gold, Cardinal and Steel Gray.
Motto—"Get Busy."
Flower—Red Rose.

FRESHMEN CLASS ROLL.

Lynn Imhoff	Lynn Crooks
Alice McIntosh	Madge Chapman
Clara Colchin	Marie Miles
Joe Bowman	Myrtle Wiltrout
Roy E. Rohm	Carl Budd
H. Ettinger Rude	Estelle Wiltrout
Vera Newcomer	Faye Miser
Maude Shoemaker	Russell Strow
Gladys Beard	Nella Becker
Fred Eberly	Reba Walker
Ferne Hawk	Florence Strow
Hazel Flynn	Ida Mann
Charles Smith	Ioa Zonker
Charles Colby	Ralph Staley
Martha Wines	Libbie Buchanan
Loa Wines	Carl Gettz
Edna Blanchard	½ of Lisle McEntarter

FRESHMEN CLASS HISTORY.

Nella Becker.

On the ninth of September 1912, the High School pupils assembled in the assembly room. By the special count of Mr. Moudy, it was found that there were thirty-five Freshmen. After a few weeks had passed a class meeting was called and the following offiicers were elected. Joe Bowman President, Harry Rude Treasurer, and Lisle Mc Entarfer Secretary. But before the first semister was finished two members had withdrawn from the class, leaving our present number of thirty-three.

Only a few weeks after Christmas we received our banner. Its colors being steel gray and cardinal, which was placed on the west wall. We have striven to do our best and will try to follow our motto, "No crown without the Dust of Labor," and next year enter into the Sophomore year and so on until we finish our High School Course.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

FRESHMEN CLASS POEM

1.

We began our struggle in nineteen twelve,
We know it for we did it ourselves
There were thirty-five of us when we started out
So you see we had something to be proud about,
And with our shouts and many a song
We have helped the W. H. S. along.

2.

We boys thought we were but babies then
But now we feel like great big men.
The girls, I guess they feel about the same,
For they began to look about for fame
And you may bet they found it too
For they are the kind that dare and do.

3.

A word about our studies now
Will bring to our minds just how
We mastered each with a very brave heart
And never worked from each other apart;
So through out this year we have been true
And have made the other students feel blue.

4.

Hurrah for our colors, cardinal and gray,
The sight of them makes us feel quite gay
With our banner hanging on high
Cheering us onward to the height of the sky
And as for our flower it is the very best
For the Red Rose is more beautiful than all the rest.

5.

"No crown without the dust of labor"
Is our motto between us as neighbors
Because we are bound to reach the top
All together, gaining everything without a drop
When at last reaching the crowning height
We will be able to see things in a brighter light.

6.

Now in ending our Freshman career
We all hope to meet again without fear
That we will never complete the Sophomore year.
Next on the list we hope to come as Juniors dear
While at last we intend to finish as Seniors great
And in after life meet many an old classmate.

RUSSELL STROW, '16

CUTE FRESHMAN

MUSIC
Clara Colchin '16

MUSIC AND ART.

Anna P. Snader, Music and Art.

The standards of classic quality in Music and Art are the same. There is music which merely pleases the ear without enoblng results, just as there are pictures which have no higher aim than to please the eye. Then there are also pictures as well as music which teach us self-denial and lofty purpose, which stir the heart and excite the noble passions. Music is also a rest for the weary and even for the tired body. It softens the heart and stirs the soul. This is the kind of art and music which every school child, from the Primary to the High School, should be taught to appreciate. It is the aim of the Waterloo schools to teach her students to appreciate as well as love this realm of art and music.

The first work in the Freshman and Sophomore years is pen and ink from still life groups and later from copies. During the spring term water color work is taken up. The students are first taught to study flowers, their lights, shadows, colors and shades.

In the Junior year water color painting is studied more extensively. The students work from copies of landscape, flowers, and fruit. This lays a firm foundation for the pastel painting in the Senior year. Also work in oil is offered to those who wish to take it. The students have found this work especially interesting and many fine pantings have been made in the past year.

During the last weeks of each school year there is an exhibition of all art work done by the students during that year, held in the High School building to which the public is invited. This enables the patrons and outside public to see for themselves the art work done by the pupils.

The Music in the High School is purely chorus work of the highest quality. Music is selected of the best classical standard, which rests and enobles the minds of the young people, and teaches them to love only the best.

ART

The Course of Study

FRESHMAN	SOPHOMORE	JUNIOR	SENIOR
English	English	American Literature	English Literature
Algebra	Algebra ½ yr. Geometry ½ yr.	Geometry	Com'ercial Arith. ½ yr Bookkeeping ½ yr.
Zoology	History, Greece ½ yr. Rome ½ yr.	Hist'ry Mediæval ½ yr Modern ½ yr.	U. S. History ½ yr. Civil Govern't ½ yr.
Latin	Cæsar	Cicero	* Virgil
* Botany { Industrial Agricultur'l Horticultu'l	* Farm Crops ½ yr. Animal Studies ½ yr.	* Physical Geog'y ½ yr Com'ercial " ½ yr	Physics
Music one period per week	Music one period each week	Music one period per week	Music one period per week
Drawing one period per week	Drawing one period per week	Water Color elective	Pastel } Oil } elective

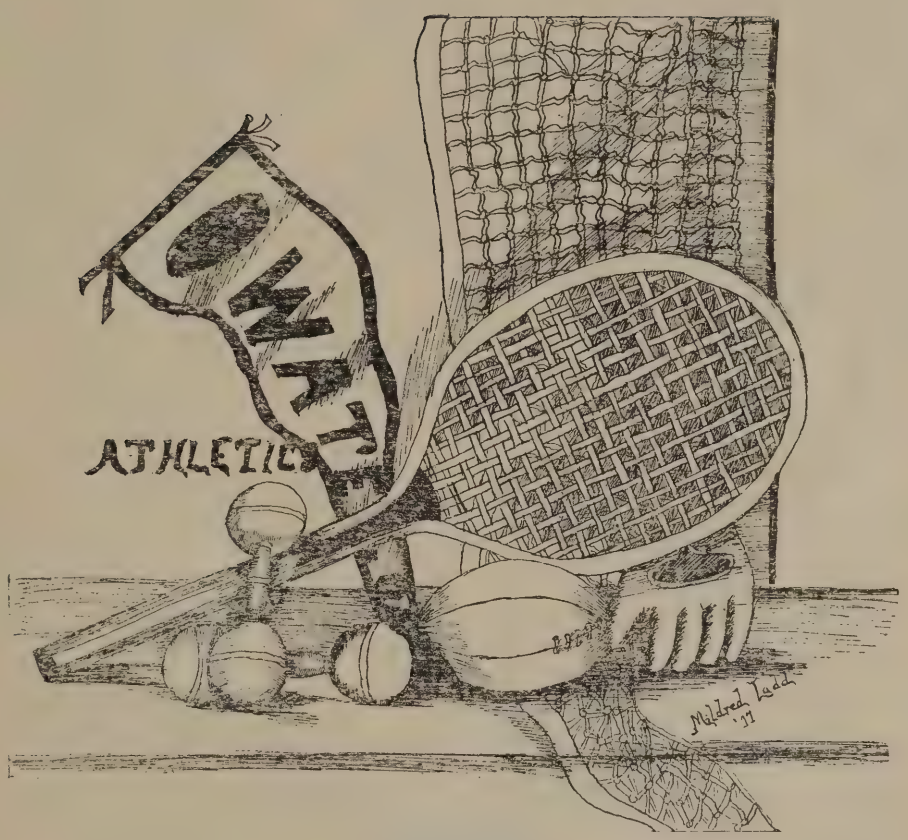
* This course may be substituted for foreign language. The student must obtain the consent of the superintendent to take this course.
* Virgil is elective in the Senior year.

THE LIBRARY.

Mary Elizabeth Chapman, Librarian.

The Waterloo High School Library consists of five hundred fifty volumes, four hundred thirty volumes for reference, and one hundred forty two of fiction. It is both circulating and reference. New volumes are added each year. It is classified according to the Dewey Decimal system, and provided with an accurate shelf list, which serves as a card and catalogue. This library is recognized by the Public Library Commission of Indiana, which sends the librarian the monthy A. L. A. Book List, the Library Occurrent, and other publications. The assistant state organizer, Miss Ora Williams has inspected this library and has approved of its organization and management.

FACULTY



ATHLETICS.

All You Gymnasts Smile.

The Athletics of our school are varied and merit much commendation. In the first place the thing most conducive to our successes in the field of athletics is the enthusiasm or the interest shown. Another is the fine class of athletes we have developed.

Owing to the limited space for athletics in this annual we must confine ourselves to the telling of only one of our athletic achievements.

The greatest and only was in tennis, in which our team surpassed all opposing teams.

THE HALLOWE'EN RECEPTION.

By Louise Willis, '15.

This account of the Hallowe'en Reception is composed of the names of the guests who were present.

On the evening of October 31st, the faculty of the Waterloo Schools gave a Hallowe'en masquerade reception to the high school students in the High School building.

It poured down rain the entire DAY and evening, and reminded one somewhat of the JOHNSTON flood. To get there a person had to go through the GLEN, OVER-MYER and beyond the MARSH. Many expressed FRETZ and fears of getting wet and so wore McINTOSHES, some of which were pur-

chased at McENTARFER'S. Some of the guests were late in arriving on account of bad RHOADS. It was difficult for even a DILGARD cab to get through the mud and MYER. Everyone was glad on such a night they were not WALKERS of many MILES.

No HAN-KEY was needed to get into the building, as each student had a ticket and a password. At the door stood a door keeper to take up tickets and BARR all CROOKS from coming in. To each NEWCOMER who appeared, one very RUDE masked guest stepped up to them and tried to stop them which made a ROWE and more than one HUFFMAN.

As the guests went into the presence of the MASTERS they saw EMERSON, EDWARD THE IV, CHARLES THE I, GEORGE THE III, representatives of Caesar and Cicero and even VIRGIL himself. Simple SIMON, a BOOKMILLER, thev ilage SMITH and SHOEMAKER, were also there

Some of the customs were very unique and looked as though they might have been designed by a GOULD. The WIDDE-COMBES which some of the girls displayed as they would RUSSEL past were very attractive. Some of the boys disguised with BEARDS, and others with wigs which were very fuzzy and HARRY.

There were many amusing incidents which occurred during the evening. The base ball contest between classes created much merriment and called forth BETZ. A fortune telling BOOTH revealed many interesting things. The negro mammy who was present, walked up to a CHAP-MAN and attempted to KIS-ER.

During the evening a very interesting program was given, of which a jack-lantern CARROL was a GOOD-WIN.

At rather a late hour a member of the refreshment committee consulted his INGERSOL watch and invited the guests to the south basement room for refreshments. The committee had quite a time in starting their fire with a piece of FLYNN-t and a skuttle of KOHL. A few received BURNS.

The decorations were very attractive. The walls were decorated with Hallowe'en pictures instead of ROSEBUDS and sweet WILLIAMS.

After the guests were all seated, the following menu was served:

HAZLE-nut Salad
RHINEHART and pickled tongue
Fried HAWKE BROWN Potatoes
FEARNE Garnishing
WINES GIRARDOT
Cider instead of ROHM

None of it was STALEY.

After the supper toasts were responded to by representatives from each class and society. The toasters met with a difficulty, on account of the DULL light of the jack-o-lanterns, to REED by. It was a very enjoyable evening and called forth much WITT-MER-th. The entire evening was equal to seeing ROBINSON'S circus.

SYNOPSIS OF WORK OF '12-'13.

The Ciceronian Society met in the assembly room and elected the following officers for the first semester. Harley Rohm, President; Troden Bookmiller, V. President; Olga Fisk, Secretary; Joe Bowman, Sergeant at Arms; Vida McGiffin, news reporter. The first program was rendered Oct. 25. Every number was given in a pleasing manner and was appreciated by all present. One of the best numbers was the scene "Pochahontas," in which about twenty members took part.

On Jan. 31, the second program was, given tho' short, it was both entertaining and instructive for all who witnessed and took part in it.

Feb. 11, the society met again in the assembly room to choose officers for the second semester. Russell Wittmer, President; Joe Overmyer, V. President; Maude Zonker, Secretary; News reporter, Maude Shoemaker. March 28, the first and last program for the year was given. The president gave a very pleasing inaugral address, and the program was given in a creditable manner.

Never in the history of the Ciceronian Society has any year been as successful as the year just finished. This year the work has been done almost wholly without the aid of the teachers. The friendly rivalry with our sister society has only strengthened our desire to do our very best. The work that has been done has varied greatly from the work of preceding years, and we feel that we have far surpassed the standard that already has been placed on the road to our Zenith.

ZEDALETHEAN SOCIETY.

The Zedalethean society for many years has proven her ability to reach the zenith of literary standards by her excellent programs.

The cooperation of her members and their determination to make the society the best, has made the work done in the past year of exceptionally high standard.

The Zedalethean trains her members to come before the public with ease and grace and gives the students a chance to show the outside world the talents that perhaps would otherwise lie dormant.

It is not only the text book grind that makes a man useful to the world, but his ability to appear before society with tact and ease.

Sept. 16.—The Zedalethean Society was called to order by the old president, Ralph Rhinehart. In accordance with our constitution, nominations were made, and the following officers were elected for the first semester: Glen Myers, President; Ralph Fickes, Vice President; Veda Browns, Secretary and Treasurer; Charles Colby, Sergeant.

Oct. 11, our first program was given. The president, Glen Myers made a very gratifying and instructive inaugural address. There was an excellent program rendered and our new members made a commendable appearance in their new work.

Nov. 22, the second section rendered the Thanksgiving program. A

ZEDALETHEAN SOCIETY

Glen Meyers, Pres.
(Retired)

Veda Browns, Sec.
(Retired)

Louise Willis
Secretary

Charles George
President

CICERONIAN SOCIETY

Harley Rohm, Pres.
(Retired)

Olga Fisk, Sec.
(Retired)

Russell Wittmer
President

Maude Zonker
Secretary

comedy "Axin Her Fadder," was given, this being something new, it was received with great applause and approval.

Feb. 10.—The Zedalethean Society met and elected the following officers: Charles George, President; Ralph Fickes, Vice President; Louise Willis, Secretary and Treasurer; Ferne Hawk, Reporter; Lynn Reed, Sergeant. The program given Feb. 28, was excellent, and received much praise.

March 20.—The Society gave an entertainment for the benefit of the Public Library. The program consisted of music, pantomime, drills, dialogues, and readings. The program was highly commended, and many of our influential citizens said it was the best ever rendered in town, and could not be excelled.

The society work this year was the best and a credit to the W. H. S. Every member has taken his share of the load, and each member is proud to say, "I am a Zedalethean."

INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

Glen R. Myers, '14.

Faithful members of the Zedalethean literary society, members of the faculty and friends: As I enter into the many tasks which are connected with the office that I now have the honor of holding I desire to thank you all for the position of trust you have given me in the society. This trust involves many small responsibilities which collectively form one great responisbility. I realize this, fellow members and like-wise the fact that one's best efforts must be employed to warrant a successful administration.

Therefore I assure you that I will with the best efforts I can possibly put forth, serve you my entire term. You all know that in unity there is strength and that the co-operative effort of all the members in any organization is the deciding element of its prosperity. This society is noted for the hearty cooperation of all its members and since I have the liberty I desire to entreat and urge you to maintain the faculty. For it is true that though the chief executive puts forth his greatest efforts the society cannot be a benefit to the school until all work in harmony. From past observances I have seen that you will work willingly for the good of your society and lift it even to a higher plain than you have ever placed it before.

It all lies with you fellow members, you can make the society what you will have it, and I dare say not one in the society would have it other than at its best. At the present rate of individual interest and cooperative effort of each member, the society is bound to reach its zenith and through fidelity maintain this glorious height of perfection.

So again thanking you all for your trust in me I assure you that to the best of my ability, I will promote your interests and execute the duties of my position in the same trust that you have shown me.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

Russell Wittmer, '14.

Members of the Ciceronian Society, Teachers and friends. The proprieties of this occasion probably requires a few words from one who is grateful to the Ciceronian Society for the honor which has been bestowed upon me. I offer no surety as to my discharge of duties other than a personal pledge that I will familiarize myself with those duties and discharge them to the best of my ability.

But this we know: It will depend largely upon you fellow members, upon the use you make of the gifts and powers you possess, upon your loyalty if this organization is to continue a success.

I am sure you need not be reminded of those things. Again and again they have been forcibly impressed upon you by faithful teachers, former presidents, and experience.

Be then true to yourselves, to your school and to your society.

With your counsel and help I shall endeavor to perform the duties of my office without fear or favor.

Once more I thank you for the honor you have done me.

WATERLOO HIGH SCHOOL DEBATING TEAM

Veda Browns — Harley Rohm — Mabel Kiser

Charles George, Capt.

HIGH SCHOOL DEBATING TEAM.

Louise Willis, '15.

One of the new and most interesting features of the school this year was the High School Debating Club. The club, which organized the latter part of November consisted of the following members. Harry Girardot, Ralph Reinhart, Russell Wittmer, Hazel Daniels, Wm. Day, Lynn Reed, Mabel Kiser, Veda Browns, Harry Rowe, Harley Rohn, Bernice Overmyer, Cleo Burns, Madge Rose, Hilda Sewell, Charles George, Louise Willis.

A challenge was accepted from Albion High School for an interscholastic debate on the question, Resolved: That the Initiative, Referendum and Recall should be adopted by all the states of the Union, Waterloo taking the negative. The club, being divided into three teams, debated the question, with five of the citizens of the town as judges. The following eight were chosen: Lynn Reed, Hazel Daniels, Harry Rowe, Harley Rohn, Mabel Kiser, Charles George, Veda Brown, Louise Willis. These eight then delivered negative speeches, with five citizens of the town as judges on the same question and Charles George, Mabel Kiser, Harley Rohm and Veda Browns were chosen as the High School team. Charles George was chosen captain of the team.

March the twentieth, the Waterloo team met the Albion team in Waterloo and debated the question above mentioned. The debate resulted in a tie, each school receiving an average of 82¾ per cent. Another debate will be held at Albion on the question, Resolved: That the U. S. should maintain a larger navy on the principle that it should be larger than any nation's, except Great Britain.

HER NEW HAT.

Helen Goodwin, '15.

"Oh! mother, there is the prettiest hat in Mrs. Chasely's millenery store. I tried it on this afternoon after school and the girls said it was very becoming to me. I must have it, may I get it to-morrow?" This was said by a pretty girl about seventeen years of age, as she entered the library where her mother sat reading.

"Why, Evelyn, you just got a new hat about three weeks ago and you can't get a hat every time you see one that you like" answered Mrs. Williams quietly.

"I can give that hat to Nellie, she says she can't have any new one this winter. I want Hazel to know I can have a hat just as nice as her's."

"Yes, I understand, but that isn't the way to feel toward school mates. But I do pity Nellie, poor girl, it is all she can do to get an education without buying a hat. Well, if your father doesn't object you may get the hat, but remember, that is the last hat you will get this winter," she replied firmly.

"I don't think papa will care," Evelyn said sweetly as she left the room.

The next afternoon Evelyn and two of her chums went to the millenery store. They purchased the hat and were walking up the street when they met Hazel and to their great surprise, Hazel's hat was just like Evelyn's.

"Look at Hazel, girls, with that hat on, it is just like mine! I hate this hat and I wish I had the one I gave to Nellie."

When Evelyn reached home she went into the library again, but her mother was not there. She could keep back the tears no longer. About four o'clock Mrs. Williams returned from an afternoon call and found her daughter still crying.

"Why Evelyn, what is the matter? I didn't think you would come home so soon after purchasing such a beautiful hat," said the mother looking at the hat admiringly.

"That hat isn't beautiful at all. I'll never wear it again. Think of it, Hazel has one exactly like it! I saw her up town this afternoon."

"Evelyn, what has Hazel done that you are so prejudiced against her? I am afraid you are the one to blame. She tries to dress as well as the best and she, in some way, is persuading all the girls to be her friends. Why even Mabel, who used to be with you every day, is her closest friend now. Think over it my daughter, and see if you yourself are not the one to blame."

After drying her tears, Eveyln told her mother of an invitation that she received that afternoon to visit her aunt Maude and cousin Marie.

Evelyn retired early that evening and when she came down next morning she went to her mother with tear stained eyes and told her how sorry she was that she had so disliked Hazel.

That evening at the dinner table, Evelyn told her father of the invitation she had received and he consented unhesitatingly to her going. She began to make plans for the visit immediately.

Evelyn kept her second winter hat and when she arrived at the city in which her aunt lived, many glances were cast at her pretty face, and while on the car she overheard two young ladies who sat in the seat opposite, con-

versing, "What a lovely hat that girl has," said one. "Yes, and how charming her face is too." This made Evelyn feel much better and she was beginning to be quite contented with her new hat.

It was not until the day following that she reached the city. She was met at the depot by her cousin and she was soon taken to the home of her aunt in a large grey automobile.

On New Year's eve her aunt gave a reception for her and invited twenty of the loveliest and most popular girls in town. Evelyn was having a splendid time when presently she noticed that the two girls in front of her mentioned her name. They were totally unawares of her presence and went on talking in a very social way. One girl said, "Did you see her hat? It is nearly like Martha's. I doubt if Martha will ever wear her hat again. It's such a funny thing and a joke on Martha too, for she never wants anyone to have anything like hers."

Evelyn listened to no more. She hastened to her room, dropped on the sofa, buried her head in a pillow and began to weep.

It was only a few minutes until Martha and Marie came in the room looking for her. They begged her to tell them what she was crying about. At first she refused to tell, but Martha finally persuaded her to tell them all.

"Why, I do not care how many girls have hats like mine, if they are respectable. What right have I to say what others shall have? That would be vain, wrong and untrue to myself."

Evelyn soon dried her tears and was so happy that she soon forgot about the conversation she had heard and spent the remainder of the evening in merry-making. After she retired she thought of all Martha had said and this made her see her own vanity.

At the end of her visit she returned to her home a very different girl. She resolved to go to Hazel to tell her all and ask her forgivness. And now Evelyn is counted as one of Hazel's best friends.

MR. HENRY ERNEST TRIES HOUSE-CLEANING.

Madge Chapman, '16.

It was a bright, sunny morning in May, and as Henry Ernest smiled out of his bedroom window and stretched and yawned, it seemed to him that old Mother Earth was also stretching and yawning. Everything looked fresh and green. Mr. Ernest pulled a few gallons of fresh ozone down into his office lungs and smiled as if some one had just paid up his house rent for a year.

"By Jinks, I'd like to stick around the house and eat fresh air all day," he smiles to himself as he watches the neighbor's hired man with a milk pail

on his arm, sneak up on the family cow.

"Goodness," exclaims Mrs. Ernest at the breakfast table, "that woman isn't coming after all." Then she gazes anxiously up the street.

"What woman?" asks Henry, soaking his clipped door mat flakes in milk, the color of an Italian sky.

"Why, the woman I hired to help me clean house," says Mrs. Ernest sadly, "and here I'm all ready and the day is simply gorgeous for cleaning." Suddenly Henry's eyes light up and stare into the delicate blue milk.

"Ethel," he exclaimed wiping the royal blue stain off his mustache, "I'll stay home from the office myself, and help clean house!"

"Oh Henry," she cries happily, "if you only will! The exercise and fresh air will do you a lot of good, dear."

Whistling gayly, Henry runs upstairs and gets into old clothes. He had forgotten the hidden dangers that lurk in the innocent faced mattress. Long years ago Henry had struggled against temptations, house cleaning welled up in his vocabulary.

"Well" says Henry coming down stairs, "what's first?"

"Let's see," says his wife, "I guess this dining room carpet must come up."

Henry grabs his screw driver and the tack saucer and attacks the carpet. After half an hour's prying his whistle shuts down, and he has just twenty-seven tacks pulled. He mops his forehead. Suddenly he frowns, grabs large, sweaty handfuls of carpet and yanks like a Missouri mule. A shower of tacks fall for five minutes, and then Henry wads the carpet into a ball and lugs and rolls and kicks it into the back yard. He finally swears it upon the line. Then armed with the old horsewhip, Henry commences the "dust to dust" chant. He crawls inside the tented walls of the carpet to shove it over, when Nero the dog spots a pair of strange shoes moving under the carpet; Nero growls and sniffs at Henry's old clothes, and Henry, inside the carpet yells like the subterranean rumbling of a volcano, while Nero pulls and yanks Henry from one end of the carpet to the other. Suddenly the line snaps, and Henry falls in a lump under the dining room carpet. He works his way to a far corner of the carpet, lifts the edge and peeks out, but immediately dodges back under command of a growl and a woman's eye view of about nine hundred dog teeth.

"Nice day, Henry," yells old Jones, next door coming out and smiling over the fence at Henry.

"Huh," growls Henry with a savage frown, "I've seen better."

"Yes I guess so," says Jones going back into the house and slamming the door with a loud laugh.

Then Henry knows Jones has enjoyed the whole carpet tragedy and came out on purpose to nag him, and with a growl he rolls up the carpet and staggers into the house.

"What, done already?" exclaimed Mrs. Ernest.

"Already!" roars Henry wilting into a chair, do you want me to knock the seams loose in that rotten old carpet? Certainly it's done—done brown!"

"Well—let's see," says Mrs. Ernest, thinking, "you can bring down

the mattresses, dear, and lay them on the nice green grass."

Henry goes up stairs to get the mattresses. He grabs a large armful of the first mattresses he sees, and hoists it clear off of the bed. Henry staggers under the weight and takes two intoxicated steps forward, bumps into the dresser and is hurled back into a dark corner with the mattresses on top. He mentioned a few words Noah Webster forgot to include in his dictionary, and crawls out of his corner for the next fall, Henry finally grabs hold of the mattress and kicks it down to the bottom of the stairway, drags it through the parlor and upsets two jardineres, knocks over the center table with its bowl of goldfish and rips the curtains off the archway between the parlor and the dining room. After a half hour's swearing and sweating Henry gets two other mattresses down and sprawls them out on the grass like huge pan cakes.

"Listen!" exclaims Mrs. Ernest, "fresh eggs dear! Go out and get them quick!"

Henry smiles happily at the thought of his chickens laying again and hurries back to the chicken coop.

He gathers a half dozen in his hat and saunters proudly up the back walk, his eyes gazing hungrily at the eggs. Suddenly his careless foot steps on the careless end of a loose plank, and the other end rises gleefully and whacks him over the ear, knocking him flat with his face buried in the white and yellow mass in his hat. With a howl of pain he gropes his way blindly to the back porch where he groans like a dray horse and tells his wife he was strolling peacefully up the back walk. He swishes a pan of water over his omelet covered face as his wife gasps and throws out a restraining hand. "Henry!" she cries, "I just washed out some of your socks in that water!"

Jones, next door, smiles over the fence at Henry, "Nice day, Ernest," he yells with a broad grin.

"Oh, go on," growls Henry, as he picks egg shell out of his mustache.

Then Henry goes to tack down the dining room carpet. He gets three sides tacked down and finds the fourth side doesn't come within five inches of reaching the wall. He pulls and tugs, and his fingers slipped and bumped the pantry wall so hard it cost him seven dollars and eighty-nine cents to restock the broken china.

After inventing seven new swearing words Henry gets the carpet stretched and tacked down and it lays as quiet as if he had given it paragoric. Then his wife comes down stairs and tells him he has gotten it down wrong, and that, that worn place should be under the couch. Henry roars like seven lions. After he has gotten it done as she wants it she tells him to put up the stove pipe. Henry goes in the backyard and yells to Jones. "Gimme a little help on a stove-pipe will you, Jones?"

After they get the pipe up Mrs. Ernest calls: "Henry, you can take the mattresses up now. Then take up the front carpet and beat it, bring the pictures outside and wipe them off, mop the bedroom floors and then—"

"Whoa!" yells Henry, jumping to his feet and going to the telephone. "Hello Doyle's, send a six-foot, 25 pound hustler to 742 Grand Street."

Then he dresses in his other clothes and catches a street car and goes to his office. "Misery loves company, and usually knows how to get it."

CONTRIBUTED.

1.
Once there was a little boy,
Whose name was Robert Reese,
And every Friday afternoon
He had to speak a piece.

2.
So many poems thus he learned
That soon he had a store
Of recitations in his brain
But still kept learning more.

3.
And this is just what happened
He was called upon one week
And totally forgot his piece
He was about to speak.

4.
His brain he cudgeled,
Not a word remained within his head
And so he spoke at random
And this is what he said:

5.
My beautiful, my beautiful,
That standeth proudly by
It was the Schooner Hesperus
The breaking waves dashed high.

6.
Why is this forum crowded?
What means this stir in Rome?
Under the spreading chestnut tree
There is no place like home.

7.
When freedom from her mountain height
Cried twinkle little star
Shoot if you must this old gray head
King Henry of Navarre.

8.
Roll on thou deep and dark blue
Castle crag of Darcher Fells
If you're waking call me early
To be or not to be.

9.
The curfew must not ring tonight
Oh! woodman spare that tree
Charge, Chester, charge,
And make the people free.

10.
On, Stanley, On,
And let who will be clever,
The boy stood on the burning deck
But I go on forever.

CECELIA'S YOUNG ST. PATRICK.

By Emerson C. Walker, 1914.

Patrick Flanaday carelessly and lazily left the large office of his employer looking forward with the greatest delight towards the joys and pleasures that he would own for himself on the morrow, for his employer had granted him a holiday in commemoration of the day of St. Patrick. He hurried on toward the home of his mother as it was nearing the hour for the evening meal. After partaking of the already prepared supper, he spent the evening reading and retired rather early. He arose rather early the next morning, breakfasted and was soon seen strolling listlessly down towards Union Park. A light cheviot suit, a brilliant green tie and a green emblem upon his coat lapel formed the inventory of his appearance.

Patrick strolled through the winding paths of the park and finally came to a zoo. His attention was drawn immediately to the many magnificent specimens of animals. Suddenly he was somewhat startled by the audible sobs of a young lady whom he thought would fitly resemble an Irish princess.

Thinking it was his opportunity to help a grief stricken one, more especially a fair lady, he calmly walked to where she was sitting and sympathetically asked why she was sobbing and said he would be pleased to offer any assistance that would be necessary. In a rather broken voice she thanked him and began telling him about the trifling incident between herself and a gentleman friend which was seemingly marring her pleasures for the day.

Then in a sympathetic tone of voice he gracefully and courteously asked for her company for the day. During their conversation some antipodes, snakes, etc., had somehow escaped from the zoo and were rapidly making their way toward them beneath the luxuriant foliage of the shrubbery. In a moment Mr. Flanaday and Miss Cecelia were confronted by the reptiles. The young lady becoming suddenly frightened quickly jumped upon the seat on which she had been sitting; she gazed as though fascinated while he fought the reptiles backward with his removed coat until the zoological manager came to his assistance. The young man's apparent manner of bravery seemed to please Cecelia and she was the more ready to accept his invitation. They became so interested in viewing the scenery and amusements that the day soon passed.

There was a social event in the town that evening in which Mr. Flanaday had a prominent part. He told her he would be much pleased if she would accompany him. She frankly replied by saying that it would be necessary to secure the permission of her mother. They started and soon reached the home of the young lady's mother. The permission was granted and Patrick Flanaday and Cecelia Carter spent a most interesting and enjoyable evening.

Cecelia had really found a young St. Patrick for they were matrimonially inclined before the memorable day came again.

FADED YOUTH.

Again is heard the school bell ringing,
Again is heard the joyful throng,
Each fleeting year new faces bringing,
Each year the faces of friends are gone.

Youth is the zenith of human pleasures,
Though they may wish for greater fame,
Memory and youth our greatest treasure,
Memory and youth, the foundation of fame.

Often we welcomed the old bells ringing,
Sometimes we dreaded to hear its call,
Time has now changed it to memory's ringing,
And only in memory can we enter its hall.

Time is ever passing, yet still there lingers,
Sweet thoughts of life in its rising sun,
Death is ever pointing trembling fingers,
Summoning our playmates one by one.

Though long we are parted by duty's calling,
The life of childhood we can never repeat,
For age with its snow upon us is falling,
We hope to unite at the Savior's feet.

LESTER L. REMPIS.

THE POODLES BIRTHDAY PARTY.

By Maude M. Zonker, '16.

"Oh look, here's a letter from Aunt Helen. I wonder what she wants of me!" The person who spoke thus was Margaret Blair, a young lady who lived in London. She had just come in from a long walk and as she seated herself in the big arm-chair by the window she tore open the envelope.

"Oh mother she wants me to come to Boston and spend a few weeks as governess for her little daughter Rosalind," said Margaret full of excitement, "Shall I go? Aunt Helen's going to Dover to visit a rich friend."

"But, daughter you're not well enough acquainted I fear," said Mrs. Blair, "You never have seen your Aunt but once of twice and Boston is a long way from London. Besides she's very queer and must have everything her own way. You with your kind and loving disposition would find it hard to govern her child as she would wish you to."

"But mother," pleaded Margaret, "Aunt Helen wouldn't be there much of the time and they say Rosalind is such a sweet child too. And just to think of the lovely things I would see and of the pleasures of the journey."

"Well, Margaret, do as you like; a person of your age and sense ought to do what they think is best."

Four weeks later found Miss Blair ascending the great white steps of her Aunt Helen's mansion. As she entered she saw a little girl not more than seven who ran up to her saying, "Oh! are you cousin Margaret? I've been waiting here 'most all day for you. You're going to be my new governess too. Mamma never says anything about you but papa says you're awful nice."

"Oh! so this is Rosalind is it?" asked Margaret, stooping over to kiss the little girl.

"No—no—you mustn't," objected Rosalind putting her hands over her mouth. Mamma don't believe in kissing."

"Why, my dear," said Margaret, drawing back, "doesn't she ever kiss you or anybody?"

"No, no—that is—I mean—well, not me," stammered Rosalind.

"Not anybody?" questioned Margaret.

"Well, you see, its just this way, mamma always gives all of her kisses to Fifi, her French poodle, so she never has any left for me."

"Her French poodle? Child, what can you mean? Where is your mother?"

"Why, Fifi's been lost and now mamma's sick in bed. But if I'd been lost, she wouldn't care at all."

"Well, my dear, may I see your mother?"

"Oh, yes, follow me and I'll show you to her."

The two walked into the room where the Lady Helen lay on a beautiful white bed with purple chiffon and silk draperies hung all around and over her head. The pretty white spread which covered her was trimmed with white fur all around the edges.

The Lady Helen, as she always insisted on being called, seemed too sick to talk much and as the doctor, who had just come in, began mixing the medicine, the sick woman covered her face with her hands and screamed, "My Fifi! My French poodle! Oh! why doesn't someone bring him back."

In a few moments her husband came in, walking up to the bed he began, "Wife, there is no cause for all this. Quiet yourself and be thankful that it was not our little darling Rosalind instead of that French poodle."

"Why, husband, how you talk. You know very well that I am glad it was not Rosalind and you also know that I can't live without my little Fifi. What if he were run over by the cars or maybe the dear little thing has been poisoned." And she began screaming again louder ever than before.

The lady had just quieted herself and was trying to sleep when the doorbell rang, and in a few moments John, who had been looking for the pet, came in with a dirty, shaggy dog which Lady Helen recognized as her French poodle. Such a sight! He was mud from the end of his nose to the end of his tail and it was hard for anyone to tell whether it really was a dog, excepting his mistress.

But all this made no difference to the Lady Helen and in an instant

she was sitting up, hugging and kissing the muddy dog and declaring that she knew her long lost Fifi by the twinkle in his pretty brown eyes and by the way he wagged his little tail.

At last after giving him a hundred more kisses and hugging him a hundred more times she gave him to the maid with orders to bring him back as soon as he was bathed. They had dinner at six o'clock that evening but Lady Helen was not able to sit at the table so she and Fifi had their dinner brought in to them.

"Do you know what I am going to do?" said Lady Helen when they were all gathered around her bedside that evening. "I'm not going to Dover as I'm not able but you know next Wednesday Fifi will be two years old and I'm going to have a birthday party for him. We'll have the dining-room decorated in blue and white and we'll use the little gilt edged plates that have the hand-painted lilacs on them. And—let's see—we'll have to have a birthday cake of some kind. Of course something that little poodle dogs like Fifi want to eat. Oh, I know, we'll just have chicken pie. I'll ask all the ladies to bring in their French poodles and won't you have the best time?" she said, kissing the now white and fluffy dog that but an hour ago looked as if it had been used for a country road scraper.

Of course as much as the husband objected there was nothing to be but the party which was to begin prompty at two o'clock on the next Wednesday.

When the time came all the little white poodles in the neighborhood were brought in and each occupied a little red chair which had been especially provided for him. Their mistresses took great pride in having their pets do all the cunning little tricks they had learned and in their rapidity to obey every command.

During the happiest part of the afternoon a maid rushed into the room crying, "Where is Rosalind? She hasn't been seen since two o'clock this afternoon. We've looked all over the house and can't find her. What shall we do?"

"Why, hasn't she returned yet? I told her to go walking and she started off alone. Maybe she has been lost. Oh, why did I let her go? She never stayed so long before. Phone to her father and tell him to let the police know and we'll all start off at once." Now all the joy stopped and the ladies with their lovely white French poodles departed.

It was now about five o'clock and the lights shone brightly from every building. The windows of the large stores were beautifully decorated with fine dress goods, laces, flowers and many other articles which tend to attract the attention of the passersby. But the travelers noticed them not. They were too busy peering about through the crowded street thinking that little Rosalind might have wandered too far and was lost in the crowd.

The policemen were searching for her. One of the policemen, a Mr. Harlow, was a personal friend of the family and thought very much of Rosalind. He was hurrying along the street looking into the stores and among the crowd for her when presently he heard a cry from the top of a stairway of an old building by which he was passing. He stopped and listened for a few moments thinking that there might be other voices but he only heard the one which seemed to be a boys. He climbed up the steps and at the top he found a little negro, bare-footed, ragged, and dirty.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Harlow of the boy who was not more than ten years old.

The boy was very much frightened at the sight of a policeman but finally managd to stammer, "Why, sah, they hain't nuthin' the mattah only we's all cold and hungway and dat faddah ob mine's jes dead drunk. It's too cold foh me to get out bah-footed nd wo'k so I jes' am standin' out heah bawlin' foh help. We hain't had nothin' to eat foh two whole days but some bwead an' milk an' a little girl 'bout dis heah high gibed us that."

"A little girl! Where is she?" shouted the man so loudly that before the boy knew what he was doing he had ushered the policeman into the bare-floored room where sat the negro mother with a three-year-old child on her lap. The child was sleeping but the tear drops and stains on her cheeks and the ghastly color of her face made it easily seen that she was sick from hunger and cold. This was a pitiable sight but the worst was a little white girl in the farthest corner of the room, holding a tiny negro baby wrapped in her own fur coat and feeding it bread and milk from a wooden spoon.

Mr. Harlow was astonished and yet he laughed within himself to think of a little girl like Rosalind in such a den. But as he walked over to her he said with a grave face, "Child, what on earth are you doing up here in this dirty place?"

"Why, Mr. Harlow!" said Rosalind surprised at his unusual way of talking, "I hope you havn't come up here to take me home, anyhow I won't go yet."

"Well my dear little girl," said Mr. Harlow, smiling, "Perhaps you don't know that you have made your mother and father nearly frantic by these actions. How were they to know where you were? Why didn't you tell them?"

"My mother! What difference does it make to her where I am? She was having a party for that poodle dog and I just thought she'd be glad to have me go away, and papa wasn't there so I couldn't have told him anyhow."

"Well, you wait here while I phone to your father, I'll be back after you in about five minutes."

"Tell them to bring something for these people to eat and some of my old clothes, and I won't go home unless they do," called Rosalind after the man who was half way down the stairs.

Soon after' Mr. Harlow was talking with the father who had just entered the house after a fruitless search for his only daughter. "I've found her," he said, "and she's all right only she's got in a nest of poor negroes and says she won't come home unless you come after her and bring something for the poor folks to eat and some of her old clothes."

Soon after the father and mother were climbing the worn out steps of the old building and as they entered they saw such a sight as they had never seen before.

The mother sprang forward and clasping her daughter to her breast, cried, "My darling Rosalind, how you have been neglected and I never realized it until now but it shall never be so any more. Come home with us my child, and you shall never again be deprived of the love that rightly belonged to you."

Soon the little group started off happily leaving a happy group behind them, and never again did little Rosalind suffer neglect on account of a little French poodle dog for the very next day Fifi was given away and when Margaret left that strange Boston family it was much different than when she entered it.

JOKES.

Teacher to brilliant Freshman—You may translate this sentence, "Leges gallorum sunt bonae."

Brilliant Freshman—(After lengthy period of thought) The legs of the Gauls are bony.

Miss Chapman (to Juniors just completing the study of Franklin's autobiography)—Russell, did you like Franklin?

Russell W.—I didn't know him.

Miss Masters (Latin III)—What is the translation of "cur?"

Cicero student (in low whisper)—Dog.

Miss Chapman (Eng. III)—Gould, why didn't you like Franklin's autobiography?

Gould Stanley—'Cause he talked about himself all the time.

Miss Masters (in Cicero)—What does contionator mean, Audrey?

Audrey—A pedagogue. (meaning a demagogue).

Bernice Becker (Eng. IV)—I don't know how to pronounce that word.

Mr. Moudy—Yes, that's right.

Mr. Moudy—Harry, what finally becomes of Lady Macbeth?

Harry Rowe—She dies.

Lester Rempis (reading)—A servant announces Macbeth as thane of Chawdor (Cawdor).

Mr. Moudy—Marion, if the age before the conquest was from 449 to 1066, what was the next age?

Marion—Why, the age after the conquest.

Mr. Moudy—Harley have you any pumpkins out in the country? We would like to have some for hallowe'en.

Harley Rohm—Not any more than we can make into pumpkin pies.

Mr. Moudy (Eng. IV)—Alright, read on.

Virgil Treesh (reading)—I will, my lord.

Ralph Fickes—Shakespeare was married against his wife's will. (meaning his father's will).

Lester Rempis (reading)—Oh, most precious woman, (meaning pernicious woman).

Ralph Fickes—Shakespeare had four children. Several of them were boys but I don't know whether they were all boys or not.

Lester Dull—I think the clock ought to be disbanded.

Mr. Roop—I never get the headache but I feel pretty swimmy.

Ruby Booth (Eng. IV)—Bois-Gilbert fell from his horse and caught his foot in the syrup. (stirrup).

Harley Rohm—I think you ought to appoint some other girl besides me.

A new recruit in the army once put on his first pair of army shoes which were very much too large for him. He said: "Boys, if I get shot will some of you push me over for I can never fall with these shoes on."

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AUBURN, IND.

A red haired boy left his watch upstairs and it run down.

Miss Masters in reading lets her voice fall. The other morning it fell and was badly cracked.

Marie Brown couldn't find the Pelopnnesus which was the only thing on the map.

Miss Snader (in music)—After the first good night you rest.

The other day I planted some shoe buttons in my yard and raised a boot tree. That's nothing, last week I planted my foot in a man's orchard and a bull dog came up.

Miss Snader (in music)—At the bottom of page 8 and 9 don't forget to get soft there.

Arthur Smith—Greece is in Germany about fourteen miles from Berlin.

Joe Overmyer—How do you pronounce that twelfth sentence.

Mabel Kiser (leading Ceasar class out of room C—Come on children.

Mr. Moudy (Hist. II)—Two of them can't live unless one of them is dead.

Mr. Moudy (Agri. I)—Do stones grow?

Charles Colby—Yes, they grow small.

Miss Chapman (Eng III)—William, how does a dead person appear?
William—Why, they look as if they had overdone the powder business.
Miss Chapman—William, what do you know about powdering?
William—Oh, Oh, I've seen 'em do it.

Nella Becker—Every house ought to have a cat to play with.

Mr. Moudy—Lynn, was there any fire in the smokestack?

Lynn Crooks—No, but there was some in the furnace.

Mr. Roop—Transposing, now Myrtle give us your little speech.

Miss Masters (Lat. I)—Harry, in what case is agricolarum?

Harry Rude—In the excuse-me-case. (accusative case)

Mr. Moudy—What comes after the Aeroplane?
Marie Miles (in a whisper)—The ambulance.

Fred Eberly—Silas was a different man after he lost his girl, I mean gold.

Olga Fisk—I was out skating last night and we carried a lantern.
Inez Chapman—Why was Ralph with you?
Olga F.—No I should say not. If he had been we wouldn't have had the lattern.

Miss Masters (Lat. I)—What is an optimist?
Florence—It is a person who treats eyes.

Miss Chapman (Eng. I)—The people were solemcholy.

Charles Colby was sent to the assembly room for eating peanuts in class. Mr. Moudy comes in and asks: Charles may I see you in the library right after school?

Charles C. (to Clara)—I'll bet he wants some peanuts.

Gould (Geom. III)—Why I can see that.

Mr. Moudy (excited)—Prove it, prove it, quote something, can't you quote anything?

Gould—The boy stood on the burning deck.

Mr. Roop—When you stay in at recess stay in your own desk.

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Jeweler and Optician

Auburn, Indiana

Mildred Huffman (practicing)—O girls what am I going to do about my Highland Laddie. (a song)

Glen Myers (Geom. III)—The sum of a two faced angle is greater than the third face.

Harley Rohm—Corn is used in political economy.

Miss Chapman (Eng. III)—What other person had a great influence upon this movement Gould?

Gould—Harriet Beecher.

Miss Chapman—You mean Harriet B. Stowe, don't you Gould? You know she was married.

Gould—Yes! but I haven't got her married yet.

She (looking for her hairpins)—I can't find those old things.

Her Roommate—Why don't you follow your nose.

She—I haven't any airship.

In the assembly room after Ruby had sneezed very peculiarly Mr. Moudy said—You couldn't do that again if you tried.

Inez Chapman to Charley George—One of my hands is hot and the other one is cold.

Miss Chapman (Eng. III)—Lynn what is hypnotism.

Lynn Reed—Why when you are almost asleep you are hypnotized and you are neither asleep or awake and you cannot move.

Miss Chapman (Eng. III)—Lynn, what is hypnotism?

Lynn—Yes you are hynotized.

Miss Chapman (earnestly)—No your liver is out of order.

PERSERVERANCE.

Charles Colby, '16.

The Freshman class took a bob-sled ride. As we were going out of town Trouble (Miss Chapman's dog) saw us. He followed us out of town and we could not drive him back. Scolding did no good and whipping made him worse. He followed us for about two miles and then Charley Colby got out and put him in the sled. Once in the sled the dog became quiet and went to Auburn with us.

Moral: Always stick to a good thing and you will come out on top.

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George W. Kuhlman

Auburn, Indiana

ALL SORTS.

Gentlemen and Ladies: I say gentlemen first because woman was made after man and she has been after him ever since. You see standing before you this afternoon one of the rarest specimens of animal life that exists or has been known to exist or will ever exist. I differ from my other animal brothers in that I have such a great mental development that modern Zoologists have begun to recognize me as being not one but THE rarest specimen that the world has produced before and are now making preparations to separate me from my animal brothers. Even Uncle Sam has heard of me and wrote me a personal letter saying: "See here, Theodore Taft Hannibal Alexander Johnson you are the man I want." Now Ladies and Gentlemen that is why I am here this afternoon. I am here in behalf of the United States Army. Now you know there is a little trouble going on down in Mexico. The United States has about ninety-nine million soldiers down on the border and innumerable war vessels. In fact there are so many men down there that if you would stand them aside by side they would extend the full length of the border of Mexico and be two ranks deep and packed so tight that you could not stick a bayonet between them.

Still Uncle Sam wants more to go down there. He says: We need protection for our citizens and we must have it." I am here this afternoon to get enlistments for the navy. Now friends won't you help me out? Just think of the nice long trip you would have down there and think of the beautiful country you would see. Leave this cold country and go to a warmer one. Remember the hard times you would have after you got down there and some morning wake up and find yourself dead with a dagger sticking in your back that some thoughtful "greaser" had left there. Wouldn't that feel pleasant? Think of it your friends would write home and say he died like a hero upon the battlefield. Be accorded with all such honors and be buried down there in that **Beautiful** country where the sun always shines.

Ah! friends you haven't any idea how proud your parents would feel when somebody would say, "He was one of those foolish boys who went to Mexico was he? Well let him take what he gets." Can you imagine anything more sympathetic than that?

Now friends I have tried to give you the brightest side of the question and in closing I would like to say that it is the duty of every young man to serve his country and would like to see every one of you here this afternoon join some military company and go with the rest of us. Now I leave it for you to decide. I thank you.

Given by Virgil Johnson, '15.

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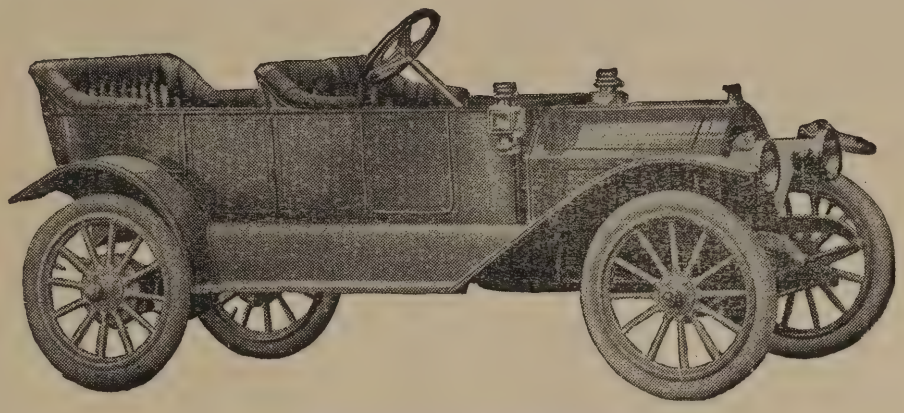

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AUBURN, INDIANA

PARODY.

Vera Dilgard, 1915.

Four score and ten days ago our teachers brought forth on this school ground a new law, not conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all scholars are forbidden to whisper. Now we should be engaged in a great debate, telling our teachers that that law or any unreasonable law so conceived and so dedicated cannot endure. We are met on a great debating day of that unreasonable law. We have come to say that the good portions of that unreasonable law are few. It is all together fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot endure and will not endure this law. The brave scholars past and gone who tried hard have not endured it as we plainly see. The teachers little care what they say, but they can never forget what we say and do. It is for us who are here rather not to be obliged to endure this unreasonable law before we come in contact with it in college or hereafter. But it is for us to tell our teachers that they should not make such unreasonable laws and that we here highly resolve that this law has been made in vain, and that this law under God shall not be endured and that any such unreasonable laws made by the teachers of the teachers for the scholars shall perish from our school ground.

JUNIOR CHARACTERISTICS MILDLY EXPRESSED.

Charles George.

"Kiss rhymes to bliss in fact as well as verse."
"O, fairest of the rural maids,
Thy birth was in the forest shades,
Green boughs and glimpes of the sky
Were all that met thine infant eye."

Lynn Reed.

"Give me some music; music, moody food
of us that trade in love."

Emerson Walker.

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

Inez Chapman.

"Or light, or dark, or short, or tall,
She sets a spring to snare them all;
All's one to her—above her fan
She'd make sweet eyes at Caliban."

Lester Dull.

"Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air and carols as he goes."

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Try us and learn the satisfaction of trading here.

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Auburn, Indiana

Olga Fisk.

"Love? 'Tis a necessity in this life."

Gould Stanley.

"Behold the child by Nature's kindly law
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

Dora McCullough.

"In each cheek appears a pretty dimple."

Clifford Hawk.

"The fellow is bright enough to play the fool
and to do that well craves a kind of wit."

Pauline Hankey.

"Pretty to walk with,
Witty to talk with,
And pleasant to think upon."

Vida McGiffin.

"Of all our parts the eyes express
The sweetest kind of bashfulness."

Marie Barr.

"I had rather have a fool to make me merry
Than experience to make me sad."

Maude Luttman.

"I know what study is, it is to toil,
Hard through the Midnight watches."

Janet Beard.

"Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes."

William Day.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these 'I'm stung again' "

Russell Wittmer.

"His life was gentle and the elements
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.' "

Glen Myers.

"He'd doff his bonnet to an oyster wench,"

Veda Browns.

"Fain would I climb, but I fear to fall."

Edna Marsh.

"There's such a charm in Melancholy,
I would not if I could be gay."

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Walk fast or run. Take your time but hurry. Just so that you get to the right place to get a

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USEFUL INFORMATION.

When do the buds blossom? Ask Verna.

Who is the most popular writer? Burns.

What is the greatest trouble in going Overmyer? The Reed.

We must not let Janet get the blues for then we would have a Blue Beard.

What is the most terrible of obstacles that we meet in every day life? Barrs.

Of all intoxicating liquors we should especially avoid Rohm and Wines.

When you see Harry coming down the street look out for a Rowe and when there is a Rowe there is sure to be a Huffman.

The freshmen Motto is, Se-well.

At this time of the year what is the most beautiful flower? Rose

What is the favorite pastime of our fair Louise? Art.

Of all the Masters whom is the most illustrious? The Newcomer.

What is the favorite color of Ioa? Brown.

The Kohl business is now Dull.

We can tell Mr. Moudy who is taking things from the Manual Training Room now. It's a Crook.

Who, in cold weather, is in the greatest demand? Shoemaker.

What kind of automobiles do people want? Goodwin.

Who is Vida's favorite author? Emerson.

This is the invitation card that Hazel Daniels sent to Mr. Russel Witmer "Come and see our new lamp. You can turn it down so low that there is scarcely any light at all. Our sofa just seats two.

For patent medicine see Dr. Miles.

What kind of land sells cheaply? Marsh.

Buff Colchins for sale by Estelle Wiltrout.

For speed records see Walkers.

Who descended from the ape? The Mann.

First words and then talk, Our bashful Junior, Clifford Hawk.

What is the most industrious little animal? Bevier.

Save your money but don't be a miser.

Of all sad cases of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these Reed and Chapman.

Who was the assassin of Lincoln? Booth.

CASES.

Chronic.

Ralph Fickes and Olga Fisk.
Carl Budd and Verna Fisk.
Fred Eberly and Madge Chapman.

Convalescent.

Harry Girardot and Enid Feagler.
Troden Bookmiller and Martha McEntarfer,
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Junior Nicknames.

Charles George—Chubby.
Clifford Hawk—Hawkeye.
Dora McCollough—Dode.
Edna Marsh—Mirey.
Emerson Walker—Rosy.
Glen Myers—Hanger.
Gould Stanley—Doc.
Hazel Daniels—Curley.
Inez Chapman—Baby Doll.
Olga Fisk—Sis.
Janet Beard—Crak.
Lynn Reed—Pete.
Marie Barr—Barr.
Maude Luttman—Screecher.
Pauline Hankey—Giggles.
Russell Wittmer—Rooster.
Veda Browns—Topsy.
Vida McGiffin—Maid.
William Day—Crane.
Lester Dull—Sharp.

Sophmore Nicknames.

Virgil Johnson—Smiley the First.
Elmer Fretz—Doc.
Louis Willis—Handsome!
Helen Goodwin—Shorty.
Mable Kiser—Wiggle.
Edythe Widdecombe—Smarty.
Mabelle Bevier—Giggles.
Joe Overmyer—Slimmy.
Arthur Smith—Smithie.
Carroll Gushwa—Pretty.
Vera Dilgard—Fatty.
Marie Brown—Midget.
Lotta McGiffin—Grouch.
Helen Rohm—Modest the First.
Ethel Girardot—Modest the Second.
Simon Kohl—Blossom.
Enid Feagler—Cutey.
Maude Zonker—Fidget.

Teachers Characterized.

Miss Chapman—Solemncholy.
Miss Masters—Lemoncholy.
Mr. Roop—Grouchemcholy.
Mr. Moudy—Jollycholy.
Miss Snader—Roopencholy.

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Some Freshmen Nicknames.

Charles Colby—Shrimp.
Fred Eberly—Fritz.
Roy Rohm—Doc.
Estelle Wiltrout—Trout.
Joe Bowman—Shaky.
Lynn Imhoff—Jinny.
Charles Smith—Toots.
Maude Shoemaker—Betsy Jane.
Vera Newcomer—Susie.
Martha Wines—Frizzles.
Clara Colchin—Polly.
Nella Becker—Smiley.
Gladys Beard—Nip.
Carl Getts—Red.

Knights of the Bonehead.

Chief Bone—Ralph Fickes.
Grand Solar Pelux—Estelle Wiltrout
Great Parietal—Edward Hankey.
Frontal—Lester Rempis.
Occipital—Ralph Reinhart.
For buds and blossoms see Carl B.
Roses, Any variety, inquire of Madge R.
Bars—All kinds cross-bars included, see Marie B.
Music Boxes—New invention just out, a fine success, see Lynn I.

Curiosities.

Edward Hankey's laugh.
Miss Masters' smile.
Carl Getts' rusty hair.
Charles Colby's long pants.
Lynn Imhoff's new invention.
William Day's speeches.
Juniors' Sandpit.
Sophomores' Pennant.
Bernice Overmyer's Elephant birds.

Ode to a Freshman Athlete.

If there ever was an athlete,
Who could do a great feat,
Jimmy, our prize athlete,
Is a hard one to beat.
He can turn a flip flop,
Execute the crow hop,
And yet his wonders do not stop.

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Chief Cup Bearer—Virgil Treesh.
Asylum Porter—William Day.
Drill Master—Lynn Reed.
Charter members—Arthur Smith, Joe Overmyer, Charles George, Lester Rempis.

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Sec. and Treas.—Lynn Imhoff.
Mascot—Carl Getts.
Membership still open.

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Ever-ready
None-such
Invariable
Obedient
Rapturous
Seniors

Seniors Main Object in Life.

Vergil Treesh—To wear St. Patrick ties.
Harry Rowe—To get a Walker.
Ralph Fickes—Married Life.
Troden Bookmiller—Ditto.
Ralph Reinhart—To be a heart-breaker.
Edward Hankey—Mostly other people.
Mildred Huffman—To be an old maid chaperon
Cleo Burns—To be a poet.
Bernice Becker—To instruct the little ones.
Harley Rohm—To find a sweetheart.
Lester Rempis—To be a minister.
Harry Girardot—To be west on Sunday night.
Ruby Booth—Joy, joy, joy.
Audrey Vogtman—To live with X. Y. Z.
Martha McEntarfer—Troden.
Vera Crooks—To be a faithful and silent woman.
Hilda Sewell—Same as Bernice B.
Madge Rose—To be a Basket ball player.
Bernice Overmyer—To make her home in Detroit.

Old Maids.

President—Mildred Huffman.
Secretary—Martha Wines.
Committee on Credentials—Hilda Sewell, Libby Buchanan, Helen Rohm.
Chaperon—Miss Masters.

The Photographs

of 1913 class also the groups in this Annual came from the studio

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Coal—All kinds, Simon K.

Books—Any kind, A. L. Moudy.

Wines—The good old fashioned kind, inquire of Martha W.

CALENDAR

September.

Mon., 9.—School opens. Three new teachers to get acquainted with.
Tues., 10—Juniors and Seniors prepare for tennis.
Mr. Moudy makes a few rules.
Thurs. 12.—More rules. Dr. Bancroft delivers a lecture to the school.

It's a fine thing to know something better than some one else. We make a specialty of

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We know Leather and Shoes, that's the reason our Shoes wear better, we know how to select the best.

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We are showing The Season's Best Styles in all leathers and at prices to suit everybody's purse.

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Remember we pay car fare.

When somebody says Shoes—don't forget

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AUBURN, INDIANA

Fri. 13.—Sophomores organize. One week of school gone.

Mon. 16.—The eighth grade moves to lower regions. Juniors organize a tennis association.

Tues. 17.—Several students were absent today, on account of Spring (Fall) Fever.

Wed., 18.—First music lesson given this morning.

Thur., 19.—Rules are again employed by Mr. Roop.

Fri., 23—Zedalethean pennant disappears.

Tues., 24.—Seniors take charge of the upper tennis court.

Wed., 25.—Juniors have too much Sand to make a tennis court.

Thurs., 26.—Zedalethean pennant returns.

Fri., 27.—The Seniors prepare for a Physic's Test, but none came.

Mon., 30.—Sophomores use their new tennis Court.

October.

Tues., 1.—First Physic's Test Juniors work on their court (Why?)

Wed., 2.—Sophomore's Sears and Roebuck tennis racket breaks.

Thurs., 3.—School closed at 3:00 P. M. Too many attended the Fair.

Fri., 4.—Program postponed on account of the Auburn Fair.

Mon., 7.—Change of program; perfect, with one exception.

Tues., 8.—Mr. Roop gave a lecture on "Effects of whiskey and Tobacco."

Wed., 9.—Mr. Moudy gives the Freshmen a lecture on "System in Studying."

Thurs., 10.—Arthur S. had two dates, after school—one with Mr. M., the other with Miss Masters.

Fri., 11.—Zedalethean program Big Success.

Mon., 14.—Freshmen live through their first test, they were scared stiff.

Tues., 15.—Some new cases develop. Others have been developing for a year.

Wed., 16.—Everybody's happy.

Thurs., 17.—Hallowe'en Reception announcement.

Fri., 18.—"Trouble" comes to school and Miss Chapman takes him home.

Mon., 21.—Good attendance at school. Good work being done.

Tues, 22.—Grade books given out for the first time.

Wed., 23.—Deportment grades take a fall.

Thurs., 24—Ciceronian's decorate for program.

Fri., 25.—Marie Brown displays the newest position in sewing class. Ciceronian Program. Give a scene "Pocahontas."

Mon., 28—Maude Z. and Wm. D. pose during a tennis game.

Tues., 29.—Miss Masters treats the school with a smile.

Wed., 30.,—Sang "Gloria." Choruses did not arrive.

Thurs., 31.—Hallowe'en Reception given by the Faculty . Enjoyed by all present.

Go to

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November.

Fri., 1.—First snowfall. Rather cold.

Mon., 4.—Longfellow's (Russell W's) seat broke. Several tardy on account of late train.

Tues., 5.—Election Day. Edward H. cast his first vote.

Wed., 6.—Mr. Roop chewing,? gum. Five percent off. Wilson elected with an overwhelming majority.

Thurs., 7.—Mr. Moudy went to Indianapolis. Mr. Roop is IT. He removes all party emblems, but Wilson's picture.

Fri., 8—Another test. Virgil J. still has the blues, over election.

Mon., 11—Ralph is sleepy today.

Tues., 12.—W.H.S. Tennis players defeat T.S.C. players at Waterloo.

Wed., 13.—Sophomores change seats.

Thurs., 14—Take a little talk from Moudy. The Freshmen did.

Fri., 15.—Parlimentary Law Drill. Basket Ball Boys are defeated by the Pleasant Lake Team.

Mon., 18.—Ready for a week solid work.

Tues., 19—W.H.S. Tennis players, Arthur and Edward defeat the T.S.C. players at Angola.

Wed., 20.—Gould S. makes a trip to the waste basket.

Thur., 21.—W.H.S. Basket Ball Team is defeated by the Pleasant Lake Team at Waterloo.

Fri., 22.—Don't forget to come back Monday.

Mon., 25.—Some Senior forgot we were still having school.

Tues., 26.—Remember this is not the primary grade.

Wed., 27.—Parlimentary Law Drill. Debates between the Societies. School closes for short vacation.

Thurs., 28—Thanksgiving.

Fri., 29.—Everybody enjoying themselves.

December.

Mon., 2.—Juniors try bebating on History.

Tues., 3.—Hernice O. introduces the "elephant" bird from South America.

Wed., 4.—Sophomore's banner appears on the wall of the Assembly Room. Miss Faye Smith of Decatur, gave a reading, The Merchant of Venice.

Thur., 5.—Tennis outfit march to Mr. Moudy.

Fri., 6.—Mr. Moudy can enjoy a game by himself.

Mon., 9.—Let George do it.

Tues., 10.—Sophomores and Juniors meet in Room B to form a trust, concerning the selling of their Agriculture Books.

Wed., 11.—Chorus practice. Freshmen Class meet and resolve not to buy books from Soph's and Juniors.

Thurs., 29.—Commencement.

Fri., 30.—The Drama, "Farewell," Curtain.

Thurs., 12—Not only birds, but rubbers fly.

Fri., 13—Skating at Carp Lake.

Musical practice is the favorite pastime.

Tues., 17—New rules made for marching to and from class.

Wed., 18.—Mr. Moudy received some express. That means another rake off.

You're Invited

at any time, to call and
take a look at our

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We have taken great pains to select what you will **want**, without having your counsel, so **call** and **see**. You will find a well selected line of dry goods, ladies waists and waist patterns, lace collars, wash dress goods, etc.

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Lace Curtains and Curtain Poles

Call and see us

F. W. McEntarfer

Thur., 19.—Musical at the M. E. Church. Proclaimed a success by all.

Fri., 20.—The Soph's entertain the school with a short program. School closed for two weeks.

January.

Mon., 6.,—School opens; no one studied.

Tues., 7—Seniors began the study of Geography.

Wed., 8.—Result of one demonstration; Harley gets his foot smashed.

Thur., 9.—Freshmen write first petition. They then went to the Farmers Institute.

Fri., 10.—Annual Editors met the Freshmen Class and taught them "how to get up a yell."

Mon., 13.—Ask Lynn what elimination means.

Tues., 14.—Reviewing for tests and exams.

Wed., 15—Harley in the "Lover's Room," "I'm sitting down standing on two legs."

Thur., 16.—Freshies all went over to Auburn to have their pictures taken.

Fri., 17.—A gentleman from Auburn gave an interesting speech. Soph's went to Auburn.

Mon., 20—Some of the boys read a letter belonging to Carl B. (Results, ???!!!***?!)

Tues., 21.—Teachers gave out grade cards, each student figuring his own average. Oceans of tears shed!

Wed., 22.—Exams. Some surprised, more disappointed.

Thur., 23.—More Exams.

Fri., 24.—Vacation.

Mon., 27.—Beginning of Second Semester. Juniors take up solid Geometry.

Tues., 28.—Juniors went to Auburn today to test the camera.

Wed., 29.—A "Bird and Bee Man" from Winona Lake, lectured at W.H.S. Seniors have a day off.

Thur., 30.—The teacher of Music and Art, at Syracuse Schools, visited the Music and Art Department of the W.H.S.

Fri., 31.—Preliminary debate and Ciceronian Program.

February.

Mon., 3.—Lynn Reed came down today; it is supposed he thought he would be in greater demand.

Tues., 4.—Junior Painting Class divided.

Wed., 5.—Lent begins today.

Thurs., 6.—Junior play given at the Lyric.

Fri., 7.—A lady from Western College, Oxford, Ohio. talked to Junior and Senior Girls.

Mon., 10.—Elmer spent too much time training his hair to comb pompadore, and so was late to school.

Tues.,11.—Ciceronian and Zedalethean elections today.

Wed., 12.—Just a mild (?) lecture this evening on school spirit.

Thur., 13.—Music Day.

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Fri., 14.—Second Preliminary Debate; team chosen to debate against Albion High School.

Mon., 17.—Freshman pennant arrives. Its beauty startles the Sophomores.

Tues. 18.—Take a little talk from Mr. Moudy—The Freshmen did.

Wed., 19.—Teachers went to Kendallville High School today.

Thur., 20.—Seniors figured their grades today.

Fri., 21.—School went along like a song.

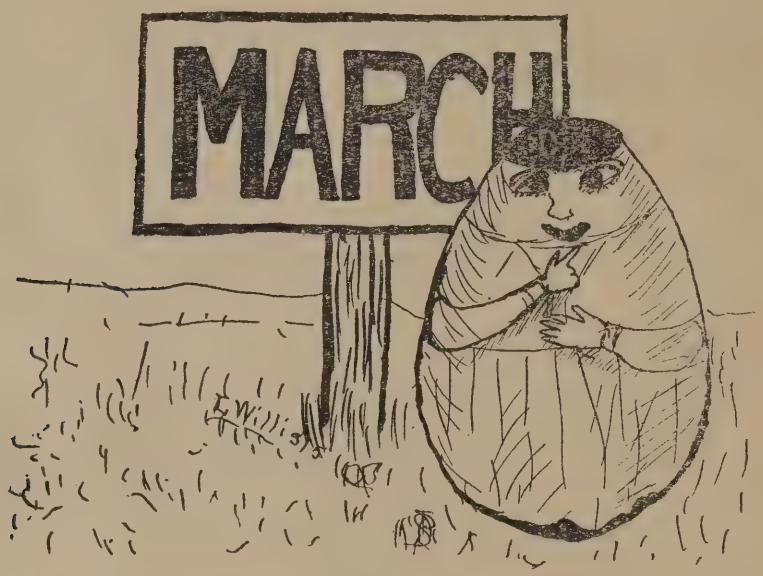
Mon., 24.—Let George do it!

Tues., 25.—Edna Marsh falls down stairs.

Wed., 26—Bernice O. came to school at 10:10. We wonder why.

Thurs., 27.—Seniors select their pictures for the annual.

Fri., 28.—Zedalethean program; new officers take their place.



March.

Mon., 28.—Seniors have a sleigh ride, and are entertained at home of Harley Rohm.

Tues., 4.—Sled load of W.H.S. students enjoyed the evening at Clifford Hawk's.

Wed., 5.—More snow. Soph's. take a bob ride out to home of Mabel Kiser.

Thur., 6.—Sang "Village Bells," for a change.

Fri., 7.—Cleo was in a hurry for once; she forgot to button her shoes.

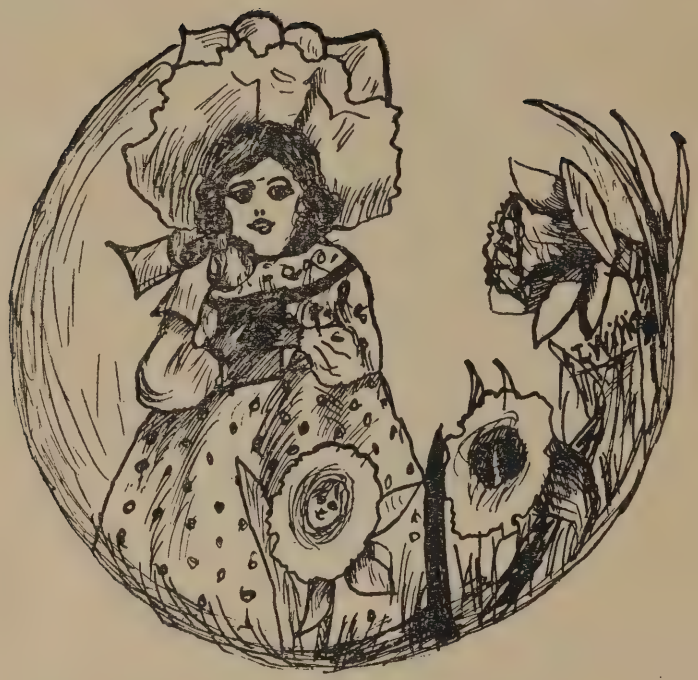
Mon., 10.—Miss Chapman led the Devotional Exercises.

Tues., 11.—Some mud. The boys wore rubber boots.

Wed., 12—Mr. Roop forgot to comb his hair.
Thur., 13.—Mr. Roop has a hair cut.
Fri., 14.—Juniors begin the study of Hamlet.
Mon., 17—Reception by the W.H.S. students to the Faculty.
Tues., 18.—Mildred H. and Lester R. have a fall out.
Wed. 19.—Junior girls wear white aprons.
Thur., 20.—Zedalethean program given for the benefit of the public Library.
Fri., 21.—Debates between the W.H.S. team and the A.H.S. team decided in a tie.
Mon., 24.—Mildred H. and R. make up again.
Tues., 25.—Rain, rain; more rain.
Wed., 26.—Lecture on Mormonism. Very interesting.
Thur., 27.—Mr. Roop worries about the flood at Geneva. Wonder why?
Fri., 28—Miss Masters is inspired to play Base Ball in the hall. Ciceronian Program.
Mon., 31.—No more Society programs this year.

April.

Tue., 1.—High School Students expect a vacation.
Wed., 2—W.H.S. students fooled. No vacation. Class party at Troden B's
Thur., 3.—Soph's. have two Latin Recitations in one day. We wonder why?
Fri., 4.—"Lover's Room," closed by order of A.L.M.
Mon., 7.—Miss Masters, being angry, threw an ink well out the window.
Tues., 8.—Teasing Ruby about Mr. Roop is the order of the day.
Wed., 9.—Daily advice handed out.
Thur., 10—Lynn R. entertains two Senior Girls with sweets. Um, um.
Fri. 11.—Everybody working for the annual.
Mon., 14.—Lynn R. went to sleep in History Class.
Tues., 15.—Senior boy and Freshie have a fight over a Sophomore girl.
Wed., 16.—Sleep. Sleep. Mr. Roop forgets himself, and falls asleep in the engine room.
Thur., 17—Miss Chapman gives another test in Geog. IV. Nothing new.
Fri., 18.—Lester R. was called to the office by Mr. Roop.
Mon., 21.—The date accounts for Harry R's sleepiness.
Tues., 22.—Freshies have the Spring Fever.
Wed., 23.—Sophomores go on a strike; but recite after school.
Thur., 24.—Lynn Reed knows his History lesson and Class and teacher much surprised.
Fri., 25.—"Don't forget to come back, Monday morning, on time."
Mon., 28.—Arthur S. surprises the school by his good behavior.
Tues., 29—Audrey's smile, long concealed, has appeared.
Wed., 30.—Mr. Willennar arrived in Waterloo today.



May.

Thur., 1.—Miss Snader has the Spring Fever.

Fri., 2.—Estelle Wiltrout trys to steal "Blossom."

Mon., 5—Mr. Roop loses his cap; remains after school to look for it.

Tues., 6.—Seniors working harder than ever.

Wed., 7—Miss Chapman says, "liberty is in sight."

Thur., 8—Ruby B. falls down stairs.

Fri., 9.—Harley Rohm decides to take a P.C.B. degree instead of a P.G.B. We think this means Bachelor of Petticoatcy..

Mon., 12.—Everybody back on time.

Tues., 13.—"Cases" take the air.

Wed., 14.—Freshics have class after school.

Thurs., 15.—High School Chorus practices for Baccalaureate sermon.

Fri., 16.—Nellie B. fails to laugh; has she lost her voice?

Mon., 19.—Two more weeks.

Tues., 20.—Bernice B. hasn't recovered from Sunday night; "Oh! you Kendallville."

Wed., 21.—"Cases," are still the order of the day.

Thurs., 22.—Bud blossoms.

Fri., 23.—Hard work ceases. Nit.

Mon., 26.—Exams! more Exams!

Tues., 27.—Most Exams. Junior Reception to Seniors.

Wed., 28.—Nothing doing.

Waterloo High School Alumni Association

PAST HIGH SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Honorary Members of Waterloo High School Alumni Association.

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Wm. Brown
Frank VanAuken
A. L. Lamport
R. B. Harrison
L. B. Griffin
H. H. Keep
M. D. Smith
W. S. Almond
W. H. Roper
H. A. Brown
A. L. Moudy

Principals.

H. E. Coe
Dr. M. W. Johnston
Mrs. Nora Alleman Briggs
J. E. Buchanan.
Mrs. Viola Powers Amidon
J. E. Pomeroy
Mrs. Martha Gonser Willis
J. P. Bonnell
M. D. Smith
O. A. Ringwalt
Mary Lepper
Mrs. Ethel Waterman Feagler
A. L. Moudy
H. F. Rumpf
Geo. F. Roop

Assistant Principals.

Madge Jackman
Z. A. Willennar
G. Princess Dilla
Anna P. Snader
Edith Masters
Mary E. Chapman

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Class of 1879

Emma Waterman Jackman, R. D. Waterloo, Ind.

Jennie McClellan Garwood, 383 Sigsbee St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Charles McClellan, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Grace Fenneman Berger, Marshallville, Ohio.

Dr. Mel W. Johnston, Garrett, Ind.

Clark A. P. Long, deceased.

Edward E. Mitchell, deceased.

Class of 1881

Dell Clutter, 718 62d St., Chicago.

Class of 1882.

Lillian Spencer Brysland, 198 13th Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Mattie Maxson Smith, Butler, Ind.

Class of 1883.

Harriet Dickinson Ettinger, Angola, Ind.

Jennie Lieb, 1559 Beaubien Street, Detroit, Mich.

Class of 1884.

Emma Fisher McFerrin, 2714 South 3rd Street, Louisville, Ky.

Flora Speer Lollar, 1. 950 Nora Ave., Spokane, Wash.

Daniel L. Leas, Waterloo.

Class of 1885.

Ada Williamson Sewell, Waterloo.

Nettie Kelley, deceased.

Solon Woolsey, Hankinson, N. D.

Prof. John O. Snyder, Stanford University, Palo Alto, Calif.

Dr. Henry D. Chamberlain, 1116 Whitney St., Belvidere, Ill.

Class of 1886.

Myrtle Cottrell, Centralia, Wash.

Nanie Leas Worchester, Phillippine Commission, Manilla, P. I.

Gertrude Willis Hornaday, 1419 Newton St., Washington D. C.

Class of 1887.

Abby Sinclair, deceased.

Rev. Richard E. Locke, 1st Presbyterian Church, Rutherford, N. J.

Class of 1888.

Cora A. Snyder, Anderson, Ind.
Lida Ettinger Eberly, Fremont, Ohio.
Nettie Chamberlain Hull, Waterloo.
Dr. Frank F. Fisk, Price, Utah.

Class of 1889.

Bessie Bassett Rummell, R. D. Angola, Ind.
Anna Bevier, Auburn, Ind.
Anna Deventer Brodfuehrer, Mason City, Iowa.
Daisy McBride Starr, Indianapolis, Ind.

Class of 1890.

Alice B. Fisher, deceased.
J. Homer Sigler, Appleton, Minn.
Charles A. Hill, 118 Maywood Ave., Peoria, Ill.
Cyrus North, Waterloo.
Dr. Bernard M. Ackman, deceased.

Class of 1891.

Eda Farrington McBride, Waterloo.
Effie Locke Siegfried, 2543 Maple Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Clara Snyder Rettger, 143 Dwight St., New Haven, Ct.
Rose Wenrich Judkins, 1023 Lakeview Ave., Seattle, Wash.
Lizzie Fisher Ulph, 462 Hubbard Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Nellie J. Carpenter, deceased.
May Davidson.
Lucy Harper Wilkinson, Orland, Ind.
Alice B. Phillips, Waterloo.
Grace Roby, Ashley, Ind.
Luella Rempis, Waterloo.
H. O. Butler, Geneva, Ind.
Dr. George A. Kennedy, Matthaikirst St., No. 4, Berlin, Germany.
Alfred P. Bartholomew, Waterloo.
Herbert C. Willis, Waterloo.
Raymond E. Willis, Angola, Ind.
Edw. W. Koons, Peoria, Ill.

Class of 1892.

Heber Fried, 1427 7th Ave., Spokane, Wash.
Agnes Maxson, Waterloo.
Edson Beard, Waterloo.

Class of 1863.

Leora Yeagy, Waterloo.
O. B. Arthur, Waterloo.
Dr. J. E. Graham, Auburn, Ind.
J. Lester Till, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
W. B. Hill, Jolley, Ia.
Fred I. Willis, 2516, N. Penn. St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Class of 1894.

Buzz Fisher Brown, 93 Station St., Ashtabula, Ohio.
Bertha Beard Heffelfinger, 620 Lewisville Ave., Highland Park, ElPaso, Texas.
Cora M. Hill, Waterloo.
Dr. J. P. Feagler, Mishawaka, Ind.
Edw. D. Willis, Angola, Ind.

Class of 1895.

Lena A. Rempis, deceased.
Wilson H. Denison, Auburn, Ind.
Blanche Jackman Shuman, Orlando, Fla.
Sabina Zerkle Beidler, Waterloo.
Lulu Hood, Waterloo.
Dr. C. L. Hine, Tuscola, Ill.

Class of 1896.

Orpha Kiplinger Ladd Browns, Waterloo.
Maude Lower Becker.
Jennie Swartz Fletcher, deceased.
Amy Walsworth Champion, 871 McKinley Ave., Toledo, O.
Minnie Herzog Huntzinger, 121 N. West St., Mishawaka, Ind.
Archie Franks, Burkett, Ind.

Class of 1897.

Daisy Reed Brown, 327 East Ward St., Urbana, O.
Madge Jackman, St. Paul, Minn.
Blanche Kelley Leake, St. Louis, Mo.
Mabel Weidler Bateman, R. D., Waterloo.
James D. Snyder, Kendallville, Ind.
Olive Rempis Willis, Angola, Ind.
Ethel Waterman Feagler, Mishawaka, Ind.
Verna Darby Lampland, Cr. Lowell Obs. Flag Staff, Ariz.
F. Maynard Iline, R. D. 3, Waterloo.
Arthur M. Grogg, Waterloo.

Class of 1898.

Blanche McCague Cox, Waterloo.
Edith Powell Blake
Emma Gfeller Leas, Waterloo.
Mae Waterman Gengnagel, Butler, Ind.
Estella Leas Peters, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Blanche Reed Spiker.
Meta Welsh Frederick, Auburn, Ind.

Class of 1899.

Raymond C. Dilgard, Auburn, Ind.
Cora Kepler Fisher, Waterloo.
Arthur Bonnell, deceased.
Howard Bonnell, 429 W. Pontiac St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Ruth Closon Scoville, deceased.
Nannie Gfeller Parks, Waterloo.
Estella Fulk Clement, Auburn, Ind.
Lulu Hine Smith, Tuscola, Ill.
Dana C. Sparks, Auburn, Ind.

Summer Term Announcement

Tri-State College offers for the Summer Term the Following Lines of Work:

Teachers' Training for all classes, including courses for teachers in **Domestic Science, Manual Training, Public School Music and Drawing.** The **Training School** will be in operation as usual, affording the best facilities for **Observation** and **Practice.**

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In addition, the climate is the coolest in Indiana and therefore most pleasant for summer study. All the advantages of the summer resort without its distractions.

Summer Term Opens June 10th

Next Fall Term Opens September 30th

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ANGOLA, INDIANA

Madge Haskin Whitford.

Class of 1900.

Earl D. Leas, Waterloo.
Frank B. Willis, Indianapolis, Ind.
Jay F. Shull.
Delia Kiplinger Hine, Tuscola, Ill.
Mollie Farrington Shull.
Bertha Bemenderfer, Waterloo.
Pearl Daniels Fretz, 203 S. Ohio Ave., Sidney, O.
Orpha Goodwin Opdycke, Waterloo.
Dora Wilis Dilts, Waterloo.

Class of 1901.

Maude Skelly Wright, Lynn, Ind.
Winfred T. Keep, Butler, Ind.
Grace Saltsman Meyer, Waterloo.
Gertrude Wilhelm, Waterloo.
Maude S. Gilbert, Waterloo.
Myrtle Showalter, Waterloo.
Tesse Lowenstein Selig, Ligonier, Ind.
Mabel Daniels Waterman, Hudson, Ind.
Leroy Waterman, Hudson, Ind.
Clark Williamson, deceased.

Class of 1902.

Byrde Kepler Haverstock, Butler, Ind.
Lurah Armstrong Betz, Catbalogan, Samar Is., P. I.
Keturah Armstrong Delong.
Lena Knott Haynes, Garrett, Ind.
Ray Bartholomew, LaPorte, Ind.
Melvin VanVorhies, Kendallville, Ind.
Vera Bemenderfer Rufner, 1225 Pleasant Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
Pearle Wittmer, Waterloo.
Otto Waterman.
Frank George, Waterloo.

Class of 1903.

Ernest Kohl, Toledo, Ohio.
Sherman Kimmell, Auburn, Ind.
Orpha McEndarfer Meyer, Waterloo.
Merritt Matson, Waterloo.
Isabelle Booth Elder, 3144 Thompson Ave., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Class of 1904.

Minnie Rufner George, Waterloo.
Hattie Saltsman, Auburn, Ind.
James Almond, Highland Park, Ill.
Josephine Willis, Waterloo.
Grace Braun, Waterloo.
Edna Denison, Waterloo.

Class of 1906.

Alta Clement Fee, Waterloo.
Mae McIntosh, Waterloo.
Cyrille Beck Wilson, Waterloo.
Edna Goodwin White, Waterloo.
Lana Braun Beechler, Garrett, Ind.
Estelle Goodwin, Corunna, Ind.
Owen W. Bangs, Corunna, Ind.

Class of 1907.

Mildred Bowman Grogg, Waterloo.
Etta Wittmer, Waterloo.
Bess Showalter, Waterloo.
Nannie Bemenderfer Boyle, Sheldon, Conn.
Nellie Flack, South Bend, Ind.
Ethel Murray, Leesburg, Ind.
Harry Bowman, Harvard, Ill.
Freda Saxen, 338 Madison St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Class of 1908.

Lulu Knisely, deceased.
Maude Kennedy, Butler, Ind.
Edna McIntosh, Waterloo.
Fearne Leas, Waterloo.
Ralph Getts, Corunna, Ind.
Hortence Meek Hood, Columbia City, Ind.
Lottie Miles, Corunna, Ind.
Glen Stamets, Waterloo.
Mabel Booth, Waterloo.
Ethel Hallett, Waterloo.
Cordis Hallett, Waterloo.
Clarence Rempis, Waterloo.
Nellie Goodwin, Waterloo.
Ruby Hartman, Auburn, Ind.

Class of 1910.

Beulah Bookmiller, Waterloo.
Mabel Deubner, Waterloo.
Helen Shull, Waterloo.
Mildred Sinclair, Hutchinson, Kan.
Grace Seery, Waterloo.
Carl W. Strow, Bloomington, Ind.
Blanche Smith, Butler, Ind.

Class of 1911.

Paul Bowman, Waterloo, Ind.
Harriet Seery, Waterloo, Ind.
James Hankey, Waterloo, Ind.
Hilda Beck, Waterloo, Ind.
Edna Broughton, Waterloo, Ind.
Ralph Browns, Waterloo, Ind.
Helen Stanley, Waterloo, Ind.
Nellie Bartholomew.
Martha Goodwin.

Class of 1912.

Russell Matson, Waterloo, Ind.
James Matson, Waterloo, Ind.
Lewis H. Fretz, Auburn, Ind.
Charles Thomas, Corunna, Ind.
Fred Bowman, Waterloo, Ind.
Glen Overmyer, Waterloo, Ind.
Clifton Crooks, Waterloo, Ind.

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1

Work on, dear school to the end,
Thy tribute, to life deliver:
No more by thee our steps shall wend,
Forever and forever

2.

Work, steadily work, both Spring and Fall,
A High School then a college:
No more by thee our steps shall fall,
In quest of hidden knowledge.

3.

But here will sigh thine Maple tree,
And here thine steeple shiver;
And here by thee will pass the free,
Forever and forever.

4.

Many a pupil will come to thee,
Many a scholar wilt thou deliver;
Many a scholar wilt thou deliver;
Forever and forever.

EDITOR.

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